THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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DESILVER DEACON, HENRY PETERSON, } EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

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DEVOTED TO MORALITY, PURE LITERATURE, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC NEWS, AGRICULTURE, THE COMMERCIAL INTEREST, SCIENCE, ART AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXXIII. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MARCH 4, 1854. WHOLE NO. 1701.

Choice Poetry.

HUSH!

"I can scarcely hear," the murmured.
"For my heart beats loud and fast,
But surely, in the air, he dismisses,
I can hear a sound at last."
"It is only the zephyrs singing,
As they carry home their stores;
And the evening breeze has risen,
And ruffles the dying leaves."

"Lower, there are voices talking."
Calmly still she seems to speak,
Yet her voice grew fear and trembling,
And the red flushed in her cheek;
"It is only the children playing
Before some their work is done,
And they laugh that their eyes are dazzled
By the rays of the setting sun."

Paisser grew her voice and weaker,
As, with anxious eyes, she cried,
"Down the avenue of chestnuts,
I can hear a horseman ride."
"It is only the deer that were feeding
In a bend on the clover grass,
They were startled and fled in the thicket
As they saw the steppes pass."

Now the night arose in silence,
Birds lay in their leafy nest,
And the deer crouched in the forest,
And the children were at rest;
There was only a sound at weeping
From watchers around a bed,
The rose in the weary spirits—
Peace in the quiet dead.

Original Novelet.

THE BRIDE OF THE WILDERNESS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY EMERSON BENNETT,
AUTHOR OF "VIOLA," "CLARA MOUNTJOY," "FOREST WILD," "PRAIRIE FLOWER," "KATE CLARENDON," "TRAITOR," ETC., ETC., ETC., ETC.

[Entered according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1853, by Emerson Bennett, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER XVII.

THE WARCH.

For a single noble, intended for the use of only one family, without any possessions in being considered a duke, and after the death of Hargrave, both from its position and defences, was better calculated to withstand the assaults of a savage foe than the generality of log-houses erected in that region of country, at the period of which we write. Situated on the summit of a knoll, now entirely clear of trees and brush, it commanded a view of every point approaching it from what quarter it might. The stockade, with which the Major had surrounded it, was also high, strong, and well built, and in good condition—so that it could not be forced, nor easily scaled. Then, again, there were, at the double row of posts, of about a foot in diameter, planted deeply in the ground, and reaching upward from the earth to an elevation of twelve feet. It formed a square—or parallelogram, rather—and ranged surrounded the dwelling at a distance of fifteen feet—thus leaving an open space, or enclosure, of the above dimensions. Twelve loop holes had been cut through this wooden wall, three on each side, about five feet from the ground, through which the rifles could look out in every direction—and five out, if need required: but to guard against exposure to the fire of an enemy in return, each loop-hole had a thick block exactly fitted into the aperture, with sliding wooden doors made to keep it from being removed by any one outside.

Into this enclosure, as we will now it, the horses had been driven, and were feeding on dry corn, on the north side of the cabin; and within this enclosure, also, the dogs had to be believed will also respond. Major Hargrave had resolved to stand guard, through the long, lonely hours which were to intervene ere the dawn of another day.

The night set in clear, but not cold—for the spring was advanced to the renewal of leaf and blade and blossom, and the light breeze from the south had a genial warmth about it, slow, almost in her first quarter, sailing above an ocean of blue, shed a pale, mellow light over the scene, but not sufficient to cast shadows where her rays were intercepted, and enable one to distinguish objects at no great distance. By her mild light, the day had now passed into night, Hargrave took a careful survey of the whole inclosure, and each loop-hole; but without expecting to see any object to excite his apprehension, and, we may add, without anticipating that he would see any, as a matter of precaution—any neglect of which, in his present situation, and under the fearful tidings he had received, he could not consider justifiable.

Having finished his survey, the Major closed the loop-holes, one after the other, and made them secure—and then, with a slow, solemn step, he repaired to the grave of that gentle being, whom it had been his greatest joy to love, and to cherish, and to provide for—his cherish and protect, through many years of trial and trouble, if not of chilling sorrow. The grave lay in deep shadow—for the moon did not ride high enough in the heavens to pour her silvery light upon it where the surrounding wall; but still a small rise of dampy, fresh earth was distinctly visible to the eye of the fond, heart-broken mourner; and upon it he gazed, with eyes tearful and feverish, while lips strangely quivered, and his head convulsively bowing, told truthfully of the great anguish which his heart was enduring.

"Oh, God!" he groaned, at length, clasping his hands despairingly—and could she not have been spared to me a few years longer, with the little infant that reposes on her breast?"

Impulsively he threw himself upon the grave, that strong man of iron nerve, and clasped it in an agony of despair, as if it had been the object of his affections, and with a low, moaning sound, hidden his face in his hands, and prayed long and fervently to the Almighty God in the High, to sustain him under his heavy affliction, and implacing protection for himself and family against the dangers of that treacherous foe. Just as he concluded, he heard a low, deep sob, and looking up, he saw the same emotion standing by his side, in an attitude of deep sorrow and dejection.

"She'll never come back, will she?" said Jacob, as soon as he perceived the Major noticed him.

"No, my poor fellow—no!" replied Hargrave, sorrowfully.

"But we can go to her, and that's some consolation," Jacob continued.

"And we may go sooner than we expect," added Hargrave hurriedly.

"I care not how soon, Major," was the reply, "I think it was there where she is, we should be happier than now."

"I hope so, Rolcy," said the Major.

"I know so," said the youngling, positively. A long pause succeeded this remark.

"Come, Jacob," said Hargrave, at length, "you had better go in and go to bed."

"I should like to sit up and watch with you, Major—or you may sleep, and I'll watch alone."

"No, Rolcy, I am going to watch to-night, and one is enough. Go you in, go to bed, get you sleep, and be ready for the morrow—for to-morrow I expect we shall all start on a journey to some place of greater safety."

Simple Rolcy was turning slowly away, to comply with the elder's request; but stopped, stood still a moment, and then said, quickly:

"Major Hargrave, there is danger near."

"Ha! why do you think so?"

"I know it," replied the simpleton.

"Well, tell me how you know it?"

"See!" and the mumbling pointed toward the western sky, at an angle at about forty-five degrees.

The Major looked up, and an exclamation of surprise and alarm passed his lips. The sky, at the point mentioned, had a reddish tinge. Springing to the nearest loop-hole, he withdrew the block, and looked through the aperture.

"Heaven be merciful!" he said, in a low, startled tone. "My neighbor's cabin is on fire! and I fear the savages are upon us! May God protect us! I hoped to escape, but I fear it is too late! Go in, Jacob, and send Cuba and Dick hither; bid them to arms—make no noise."

The simpleton glided away, to obey the order, and Hargrave remained standing at the loop-hole, gazing forth, with feelings so confusing and perplexed, that we shall make no attempt to analyze or describe them. The distant fire every moment grew brighter; and through the cabin in which he dwelled, was, at his precise line of observation, hidden from view by some intervening trees, he nothing doubted of its being the structure which fed the flames, and fully believed the Indians had begun their work of bloody and devastation in what might be called his own neighborhood.

"And if so," he groaned, "we shall not long escape their scalps, and my plan of departure will be frustrated."

Suddenly the idea occurred to him of attempting an immediate flight; but a moment's consideration convinced him that for the savages were really near, they would discover his trail; and then his family, without any protection, would be at their mercy.

While these thoughts were passing through his mind, the simpleton returned, and with him the two negroes. Both Cuba and Dick were much alarmed; but both possessed that degree of courage which generally resides in deeds of bravery when pressed by an emergency that has no alternative. Turning to them, the Major said:

"I have sent for you, boys, to tell you that there are indications of a body of Indians being near us, and that it is not improbable we shall be attacked in a short time. Now you are not children, and none not behave yourselves as such, or you will most assuredly lose your scalps and your lives. Let what will happen, I wish you to be calm, resolute, courageous; for all may depend on your conduct whether we are saved or lost. Remember, I love me, my children, and Miss Gertrude: and if we, do not escape, you will be thrown into a pure even worse than if you failer in your duty, the savages may have an eminent sense of the fact. Now, then, to your several posts, if you stand firm, and do as I direct, we may be able to withstand the attack of a large force, and all eventually escape. For an emergency like this, I taught you how to use fire-arms, and I shall now watch either; and now I shall expect you to make use of that knowledge for the benefit of all concerned. Go, then, to your posts, and if you must be silent—and, in the hour of danger, silence is best—but, in case, I think, with the darkness which we have, we shall be able to hold this place against a host. Now go in, and tell Miss Gertrude what has occurred, and that there is readiness to come to me the moment you have told her all. Be quick, I shall keep watch alone; and unless my place is discharged, you need not come forth again in-sight."

His address was scarcely ended, and a good effect upon the blacks, who promised obedience, and retired into the dwelling. For an hour after, the Major stood at the loop-hole, gazing out toward the west, his mind busy with the events of the day, and the fearful scene which had been presented to him. Suddenly the fire, which had been gradually increasing in brightness, and which he had seen from the first, was extinguished, and displayed the figure of a human being.

All hope of danger being distant was now banished—all doubt concerning the objects he had seen was now dispelled. He knew he was surrounded by a band of hostile savages, all eager to begin their bloody work; and he rightly conjectured that what he had believed to be the notes of the whippoorwill and owl, were merely the signals of a scout to his fiendish brethren, conveying some intelligence by which their fiendish purposes were to be determined.

Major Hargrave was, in the full sense of the term, a brave man; and one who could bear up unfalteringly against much that would appal some, who, though of weaker nerve, might prove themselves heroes on the field of battle; but in the terrible moment of grief and despair—danger not only to himself, but to all he loved—he was completely unmanned, and with the first consciousness that a blood-thirsty foe stood within a few feet of him—a consciousness derived at the very point of time, too, when the elastic spring of hope was raising his sinking spirits—he was seized with a violent trembling; and his knees fairly smote together, as did those of the ancient King Belshazzar, when he saw the fearful fingers of Heaven write on the wall of his palace.

Happily, this nervous fear was only of short duration; and then the Major collected his scattered faculties, grew composed, and prepared to act as became one in his situation. Cautiously, carefully, silently, he closed the aperture, gathered up his rifles, carriers, and stealthily advancing to the door of his dwelling, pushed it open, without noise, and entered. He found the two negroes still on their posts—the fire-place, and last asleep; and his little children asleep on the bed as lately occupied by the two females of their dear mother. He bent over them, and, with lips that trembled with deep emotion—for who could say that he might not be the last time—pressed a father's warm kiss upon each little upturned face, then turning away, with a solemn step, without disturbing their innocent slumbers, he left the apartment of Gertrude, and widowed her name.

She started up in bed, for dark fancies had kept her awake, and in a low, eager tone, inquired:

"What is it, Edward?"

"Hush!" he whispered—"do not speak above your breath! Try and be firm," he continued; "and, as far as you are able, act the part of a heroine—for you are about to be put to a fearful trial. We are surrounded by a band of savages, of whose numbers I know nothing, and ere long they will begin their attack."

"Oh, merciful God!" groaned Gertrude, in horror.

"Hush!" he again whispered—"do not let them hear you, lest they should come there aware that we are cognizant of their presence. I am about to go outside again, to render what defence I can, and shall take Cuba and Dick with me. You had better open up and keep the door; but do not unbar it. Aunt Chloe, or the slingshot, she I trust we shall not require—the moment of such a time would be of my service." He then advanced to her side, pressed his lips to hers, and added, in a much agitated: "Should I fall, ask this to our heavenly kin. Should I fall, and you and the dear children escape, be as a mother to them, dear Gertrude—be as a mother to them—and tell them their father died in their defence. There! there! farewell! farewell! and may God have mercy on us all!"

Saying this, he made a hasty retreat, leaving poor Gertrude trembling with horror, and more dead than alive. Advancing to the negroes, he counted each with a shake, and said, in a hurried whisper:

"Hush! be silent—but a word—not a breath. Get up and follow me as stealthily as a cat. The least noise may cost you your lives. We are surrounded by Indians, and nothing but bravery can save us from a horrible butchery. Here is a rifle and ammunition for each of you. I charge you not to speak—scarcely to breathe! When we go out, I will station each of you. You must watch, with eagle eye, and the slightest sign of a human being, fire! and if either of you see a human head rise above it, give it the contents of your rifle. There—come! come! for delay may be fatal!"

Neither of the blacks replied; but both silently arose, trembling with terror, and each mechanically took his rifle and followed the Major. At the south-west angle of the palisade he stationed Dick, and at the north-west Cuba; and as he left each, he grasped his arm, without speaking, and pointed upward, as a sign that he must keep his eyes fixed on the upper line of the wooden wall.

This done, the Major, with stealthy steps, repaired to the gate, and placed himself in such a position that he could command a view of both sides of the inclosure—of all, in fact, that could not be seen by the blacks. Now came moments of painful suspense—of a suspense that seemed to have in it more of horror than the certainty of real action. Minute succeeded minute, and hour succeeded hour, and the darkness of the heaven, not a sound was heard, nothing to indicate the presence of a savage foe eager for blood. Minute succeeded minute, and a quarter of an hour passed away, and yet all remained still and quiet; and the wondering and expectant Major was beginning to hope that his scouts had deserted him—that, after all, that the Indians' feeling him so well hostiled, had gone to some other and less guarded victim—when he fancied he heard a slight noise at the gate. Cautiously he drew up to it, and placed his ear against the timbers. No! his sense of hearing had not deceived him. There was a noise here—a very slight noise—a sigher as of some one heavily and carefully breathing.

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He had not long to wait. Soon the dark, shadowy-looking head, then another, was seen to peep the top of the post above him; and then slowly—very, very slowly—a dark, shadowy-looking head and face rose into view. A single moment the Major glanced at that grim, shadowy face along the barrel of his rifle, and his finger pressed quick and hard against the trigger.

A sharp report, and a spasmodic groan, followed instantaneously; and then a dull, heavy sound, as of the fall of some body heavily to the earth.

The next moment there arose upon the still midnight air a series of such horrible yells as the human heart never heard without shuddering; yells that sounded as if all the demons of hell were loosed from their bonds; and with the infernal screeches mingled the reports of at least twenty fire-arms, the balls of which lodged in the stout posts of the stockade without doing any injury. For perhaps a minute, those yells and screeches continued without cessation; and then, as suddenly as they had burst upon the ear, they ceased, and the silence without became awfully impressive.

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The Major knew enough of the Indian mode of warfare, to feel satisfied that no concerted attack would commence till the latter had taken time to deliberate upon the facts, that their presence was known, that their first attempt to gain an entrance had proved a failure, and that the besieged were armed and resolved to die, ere possession with their lives. Accordingly, he reloaded his rifle, even while the demoniac yells of his disappointed foes were ringing in his ears; and then hurried to Dick and Cuba, to see what effect the startling events recorded had produced upon them, and be able to judge what amount of dependence he could place upon them in the moments of greatest peril and danger. He found them at his post, watching the upper line of the palisade as he had directed; and though both were much frightened, he rejoiced to perceive that neither would be likely to prove craven-hearted in the hour of dangerous trial.

Calling them together, he hurriedly related what had taken place; commended them on the courage they had displayed, in remaining where he had stationed them, and doing their duty, and then gave them directions to spread the [illegible] and watch with the utmost vigilance, caution, and circumspection, he nothing fearful being able to keep the savages outside the walls, till such time as escape might arrive, or they, by some means, of the contest, might be glad to raise the siege and depart.

"Remember, boys," he continued, impressively, "all will depend on you. If you stand firm, and act courageously, all may be saved. If you falter, show cowardice, shrink from your duty, we are lost. Yet I will not ask you to risk your lives for me and mine without the hope of further reward than the mere saving of your own lives. If, by reason of your good conduct and bravery, we escape from our foes, you, Dick, and you, Cuba, with your wife, shall each and all have your liberty. I promise on my own part, and I take the responsibility of promising on the part of Miss Gertrude, that you shall be set free, to be your own masters, and go where you like."

The eyes of the Major roved the prize of the negroes, who at it they were appealed to as freemen, rather than as servants in bondage: and in his offer to make them freemen indeed, touched their finer feelings, and affected them deeply.

"God bless you, Mas'ter," cried Cuba, "and Miss Gertrude, and de children! I'd do anything for you all, de Lord help me! and I'd jus' say for myself, did dat was no need ob dat fer you to promise me my liberty—you know dat—but dis nigger do his best—dat."

"Sider what Cuba says, said for me," chimed in Dick, sententiously.

"Well, now, each to his post, and be wary," continued the Major, gently cocking his piece, and raising it to the position of an upward aim, and then fairly held his breath with anxiety.

He had not long to wait. Soon the dark, shadowy-looking head, then another, was seen to peep the top of the post above him; and then slowly—very, very slowly—a dark, shadowy-looking head and face rose into view. A single moment the Major glanced at that grim, shadowy face along the barrel of his rifle, and his finger pressed quick and hard against the trigger.

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Our Picture Gallery.

THE WRECK OF THE SAN FRANCISCO.

We present our readers with an illustration representing the most wonderful of the Pacific mail-steamship *San Francisco*, drawn from authentic materials, according to Montgomery's "Pictorial Times," from which we extract.

"The *San Francisco* was a new vessel, and built by Messrs. H. R. Wells, W. H. Aspinwall & Co., proprietors of the Pacific Mail Steamship Line. She had a fine model, and was sound-timbered and copper-fastened, and was called a first-class ship. For an emergency like this, I taught you how to use fire-arms, and I shall now watch either; and now I shall expect you to make use of that knowledge for the benefit of all concerned. Go, then, to your posts, and if you must be silent—and, in the hour of danger, silence is best—but, in case, I think, with the darkness which we have, we shall be able to hold this place against a host. Now go in, and tell Miss Gertrude what has occurred, and that there is readiness to come to me the moment you have told her all. Be quick, I shall keep watch alone; and unless my place is discharged, you need not come forth again in-sight."

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Original Sketches.

SKETCHES BY FANNY FERN.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

[Entered according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1854, by James Reed, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

GOTHAM SCRIBBLINGS.

No. 4.

What a never-ceasing bell-jingling, what a stampede of servants, what a continuous dropping down of big trunks! what whistling, what calls, what a minuteness world in a hotel! Fussy-ramshills, the scene shifts each hour; your vis-a-vis is breakfast, supping, tea to one, in the Rocky Mountains. How delightful your unconsciousness of what you are fate-ordained to eat for dinner; how unconcludently in the morning you handle hook-brush and head-brush, curtain of a hot cup of coffee whenever you are fit to make you relaxed. How scientifically you pour tea in made, without any unnecessary bit. looking at shovel, tongs and poker. What a chain lightning answer to your last summons; how oblivious it is No. 14th your countenance here indifferent is "No. 25" whether you occupy six or seven times a day; how convenient are the newspapers and letter stamps, obtainable at the clerk's office; how digestible your food, how comfortable your bed, and how *never-to-be-sufficiently-enjoyed the general bel. vivre-ativeness!*

Anyhow, ye ipse-eyed "private boarding houses," with your two slip-soled Irish servants, your loaded-down tables, your ancient tools, bad gravies, sanctum gathering bread, puddings, and salt fish, and cabbage-garnished entrées; your monday-day's-dinner, your tuesday-day "stews," and all your other "comforts of a home" (?) not explicitly set forth in your advertisements.

Ha! ha!, ca-ha-ha-ha! what a fury that old gentleman was in to-day. Whoever compares Mr. 25 must either be dead or without nerves. Ha! ha! what an indignant look there he gave again! ah, now the door opens, and a very boneless-looking clergyman glides past him, and takes the chair. Too late—too late—the guest is tired; so now in making a fuss: just see that pretty little bride, blushing, crying and clinging to her lap-husband. Just remember the time, sir, when the "said wife" at home made she thrill to the core of your heart. I remember how perfectly oblivious you were of broken bowls or spoons, when you got one on her; how you raved to hog and kiss her little brother Jim, though he was the ugliest, unbehavioredest boy in the district. Remember how you used to read books for hours upside down, and how you thought it was a sin for any one to disturb you. Remember how you used to say "said wife" at home was the only woman in the world who knew how to eating grass or gridirons for dinner; how you thought you could live on love, and whom her father bought his groceries; how complacently you sat out the minister's sermon, and how you looked at her sweet face, and how perfectly oblivious you were of the broken bowls or spoons; how you used to look at her if any other piece of broadcloth approached her; how deservedly you thought you had a little bit of bliss ribbon round her throat, and how one moonlight night, when she laid her head against your vest and spoke, you didn't care a mint-julep whether the sober ones of earth thought you a fool or not. Ah! these pages, stepping in and deliberately turning all that ocean to vinegar; wouldn't you have differ-ranged? Ha! ha!

See that little army of boots in the entry outside the doors. Ha! I can't count 'em; that's one, if one of their owners has a dozen feet! No. 20 turns his boot in, No. 30 treads over at the side. No. 40 has a pedestal like an elephant. Stop! there's a pair now—Jupiter! what a high heel! Ha! ha! I wonder what that was! wonder if those are married boots?—Heaven help Mr. Boots when her husband changed to the entry, with cries of pain. But I should like to see-mate all those boots, and then see red-brown, and yellow, and every shade in this entry, when the gong sounds!

Oh, you cunning little curly-headed, fairy-footed, dimpled-limbed girl! I'll be glad enough to own you! Did you know, you little human blossom, that I was smit to all the oddest fancies, three days ago, when you were a bud? that the violets, and your little pouting lip might tempt a bee from a rose? that I remember you that dainty little kirtle? and papa find you that homestep?

Mamma can't see Charley any more."

God bless your sweet innocence! creep into my arms, Charley. My darling, you are never alone!—mamma's sweet, tender eyes look kindly on Charley out of Heaven; mamma's bright angel wings overshadow over little Charley's head; mamma and the holy Saviour watch over Charley's slumbers.

Mamma sings a sweeter song when little Charley says a prayer. Going!—well, then, run him; for now I am the angels will want you before long.

What is that? A sick gentleman, borne in on a litter, from shipboard. Poor fellow! how pale and sick he looks! Ah! Death has glided at yander door with the sick man: his grasp is already on his heart; the doctor stands aside with his fee, and the nurse with her cup. Ah! to-day, to-morrow, the next day, I will pass by that door pursuit on his errand, and the sick man's place will be filled. Ah! finally

Foreign Letter.

SKETCHES OF TRAVEL.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Munich—Art and Finance—The Pinakothek—Peculiar Views of Thomas Jefferson—Potash Beer and Thomas Jefferson—The Model Prince.

I have a very distinct recollection of many things in Munich, but the two which stand out most prominently, to that they will serve as mnemonics of the city, are beer and beauty. The museum of the first rate picture gallery, by which I mean as many pictured hours, may serve this, but the beer is now characteristic of that lively capital to permit its impression to disappear. The fine, broad streets, lined with elegant palaces, the magnificent palaces, richly adorned by the genius of the painter and the sculptor, the noble garden, which is a nearer at hand country for the laborer as well as the lord, may be observed by the picture of mere dazzling color; but this mighty wonders of the monster's genius, and the master's skill, have left their colossal home too deeply engraved upon my memory to be forgotten.

But to take up things in the order in which they came before me. If not in the order of their importance, let me look at Munich through a general layer. I suppose, though I neglected to verify the supposition by experiment, that if you ask one part of the population of Munich "what is the grand end of life?" you would get for an answer, "To brew beer." If you should ask the remainder the reply would be, "To drink the drink beer." This seems to be not only the great moral occupation of the inhabitants, but that to which they display most earnestness. The master of the gods in the mind of a Bavarian, is nothing more than a synonym for beer. I give the testimony of an unprejudiced witness, with the permission in favor of beer in general, as of Bavarian beer in particular, when I say that the Bavarian has some reason to boast of his national beverage. I will not call in question, nor at this time, how away the pains in the mere tenders of swollen, coffee or tea, to which he has no, in steam navigation, or in the diffusion of telegraphic communications, but excellence in any department of 100 should have the honor of praise, and let Bavaria wear the laurel which her beer has won her. The beer because, if not the most inspiring, we certainly the most popular of the public orators. The "beer kidgler" is a distinct feature of second life, to which men and women alike take part. And not of the lower classes alone, but those of the most respectable positions of the community. Under my stay in Munich, I had repeated opportunities of observing the beer drinking, for at the hotel where I stopped, the rooms were full of ladies and gentlemen, sometimes as many as two or three hundred, enjoying each their stemmer and a glass of beer. Though the controversy was not in some instances carried to the temperance pledge, it was much more quietly conducted than many a temperance meeting that I have attended. I do not in instance, in the hundred that came before me in this hotel, was there drinking to excess. Drinking in Munich is not deep, though it must be admitted that it is wide-spread. The reputation of Bavaria as a land of beer drinkers was not unknown to me before I visited the kingdom, and such a prejudice as I had of what reasonable in an American teetotaller, I looked for an unusual display at drunkenness. But it was an expectation which events did not justify. I was pretty busily engaged running around the capital for ten days, at a time when the people were in from all the surrounding country to take part in an annual festival, and in the whole period, I saw but one figure.

On two occasions I was among a crowd of twenty thousand persons, and on one of those that I saw the military nuisance existed. Drunkenness is not a national vice, however much drinking may be a national habit. I should be sorry to be understood as defending the national love drinking for one hour. I look upon it as a foolish waste of money, and a shameful waste of time, and I only state the facts as they appear to me, as a friend of good, and as a lesser of charity to those who loiter that universal drinking is encompassed by universal drunkenness.

The bronze work of Munich is in second distinguishing feature; and the most splendid specimen, which at the same time is the work that most impressed me, is the colossal statue of representing the Protector-in at Bavaria, probably the largest statue ever cast. It is a majestic and beautiful female figure, standing inside a half-encircling line. In her left hand, which is upraised, she holds a wreath; and in a raised on her right hand, which hangs by her side, she carries the sword; she is a defender. The pedestal upon which she stands is of granite and is thirty feet high: the figure towers above to the height of sixty-one and a half feet, and is the summit of the wreath is a further distance of six and a-half feet. Yet as one looks at the faultless proportions, and the equal beauty thought of its being a colossus almost vanishes; such is the harmony of the whole. From my position, upon the outside door it impress you with its gigantic size. It is only when you reach it, and observe an individual part, that the true view from the complete whole. that you realize its dimensions. You ascend to the head, and find there commodious seats for eight persons. This will convey some idea of its size. At the time of its erection, thirty-one pieces crowded themselves into it, the head, not the statue. I suppose their position was not in comfortable, but they at least showed the enterprisers capacity of the pedestrian head of Bavaria.

The foundry of which this is the manufacture, is one of the best establishments for this in the traveller can visit. True, it is only an accidental occasion that one sees the operation at work, but you can see the finished casting, and at all times there is something new and worth seeing. At the time of my visit, a new and very fine statue of Gustavus Adolphus was on exhibition. The colossal models in plaster of Patrick Henry and Thomas Jefferson, the work of Crawford, were standing in the room; these castings are designed for the Washington Monument to Washington. In the former there are emblazons, as if "Liberty or Death" were on his lips, finds out to every line of his face, in every muscle of his body. In the latter, a calm philosophy is admirably expressed. The former resembled no portrait of the orator I have ever seen. The latter would have been easily recognizable in this foreign land, even by the name had not stood below it. The heads of both are cast, and justice is done to the genius of the sculptor in the work of the caster. The cast of some of Virginia, in bas relief, are also finished, and by judge from these specimens of the work, when completed, will be in all respects worthy of the New York capital.

I shall not undertake to set forth the merits of Munich as a storehouse of art. The library patronage of the late King enabled it to collect the first article to his capital, and the buildings devoted with elegance and splendor to the art are to Europe can show. The finest paintings in the royal palace, in one or two of the churches, and in the corridors of the picture gallery, are monuments to the genius of Munich artists. Whether the subjects were chosen by agent there, were dictated to the most judicious manner, is a subject about which two opinions may be entertained. For one, I think that a little spent in adorning the capital, and a little more in improving the trade looking out to the honor of the King and the kingdom. If a part had been devoted to the improvement of the condition of his subjects, instead of allowing poverty to drive them from their homes, and place among the elect in the pasture of the hot cudgment, by one of his favorite artists, would have had more substantial fame. But not of this is this case.

A visit to the model prince may be worth a slight notice. In external appearance, it looks more like a deserted brewery than a place of entertainment. Inside it appears to justify its name almost as little. You go into the wrong room where it may be. Silly men are assembled, at work upon the manufacture of cloth in some of its stages, and beside yourself and your guide, there is no one but the proprietor to be seen. There is a central one the confined, exercised interest by some from their own work, but they distinguished themselves by their good conduct. In their sleeping rooms, they are also the evenings of one by their own bidding. Every man is required to work, and he who works diligently is paid a certain sum, of which he may devote half to the purchase of beer and meat, and half must be reserved till the day of his liberation. Every thing works so smoothly as if the house was full of guests, and though the house never must be used as intensely, it does so hidden that the visitor does not see it. That sad plaything, which in Dapperstrasse of the prince, here also. Good fare and kind treatment, occasional visits from friends, and rewards at night do not touch it. And indeed it is no wonder. Knowledge of the inmates confined not more than eight years, and his character for his.

C. G.

A Courageous Answer.—Dear Senator.—Why is Temple Bar like a lady's veil? Because it must be removed to make way for the Prince.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA.

SATURDAY, MARCH 24, 1855.

ALL POST-CONTRACTS WITH THE POST-MASTER GENERAL ARE MADE WITH REFERENCE TO, AND IT ALONE IS RESPONSIBLE FOR A REMITTANCE OR A DISCONTINUANCE OF A PAPER.

TERMS, &c.

The terms of the Post are Two Dollars per year to advance.—$2, if not paid in advance. For $5 in advance, one copy for two years will be sent.

Clubs of the following low terms to Clubs, to be sent to the city to one address, and in the country to one Post Office.

4 Copies, - - - - - $6.00 For Advance.
8 " (and one to the getter up of the Club,) - - $10.00
12 " (and one to the getter up of the Club,) - - $15.00
20 " (and one to the getter up of the Club,) - - $25.00

Additions to Clubs.—Any person having got the money and names for a Club, may add new names to it at the same rate, and the time of the latter will allow their subscription to end at the same time. One of the Publishers will willingly supply the Sabbath teachers with the Post. Our object is to have all the subscriptions in each Club, and at the same time, and then prevent confusion.

The Money for Clubs, should always be sent in advance. When the sum is large, a draft should be posted. If possible the post of which may be ordered from the county.

Post-Masters are obliged to act as Agents. Any Post-Master is hereby invited to act as agent, and when they can do so conveniently.

A New Advertiser.—Our subscribers will please notice that the new page is devoted to Books, out of this State. They will therefore be of great use to direct.

All persons addressing letters to us should be careful to give the name of the State, as well as the town, as there is more than one letter of same name in post-guid.

Subscribers wishing their papers changed, will please give the name of the Post-Office to be changed from, as well as the Post-Office they wish it changed to.

We trust our old friends the Post-Masters, will continue to procure and get up large Clubs, or if they do not feel inclined to take advantage of our liberal offers themselves, that they will show our prospectus to their friends, and responsible persons who will be willing to do so.

OUR CONTRIBUTORS.

Our contributors will be the following brilliant array of writers—with all of whom positive engagements have been made:

Mrs. Southworth, Emerson Bennett, Grace Greenwood, Mrs. Denison and Fanny Fern.

We are now publishing, according to promise, the original novelet of

THE BRIDE OF THE WILDERNESS.

Written expressly for the Post, by Emerson Bennett, author of "Viola," "Clara Moreland," "The Forged Will," &c. Each succeeding, containing the opening of the story, will be sent in one subscribers until further notice.

This novelet we design following by another called

THE STEP MOTHER.

By Mrs. Mary J. Denison, author of, "Home Pictures, ourselves Domestic Stories," &c.

We also intend to promise of a number of

SKETCHES BY GRACE GREENWOOD.

Whose brilliant pen will be almost exclusively employed upon the Post and her own little paper for children.

We have such arrangements also for a series of articles from a new star in the literary hemisphere—whose satisfactions have been hailed with high commendation. They will be entitled a

NEW SERIES OF SKETCHES.

By Fanny Fern.

Mrs. Southworth, whose fascinating works are so eagerly copied and published in England, will maintain her old and pleasant connection with the Post. The next story from her gifted pen will be entitled

MIRIAM, THE AVENGER:

OR, THE FATAL VOW.

To addition to the above splendid array of Novelets and Sketches—we have made arrangements for the usual supply of the Letters of correspondence from Europe, &c. This will include a series of LETTERS FROM DEMARARA.

By Mrs. Denison, American Consul to British Guiana, also has promised to some letters descriptive of that portion of the South American world.

Engravings, Choice Selections, Agricultural Articles, the News, Commercial Reports, &c., &c., shall be given as heretofore. And in view of the above attractions, involving a large outlay of money, we feel emboldened in asking a reinforcement of that warm and hearty support which has been received from our friends for years past. It needs but a proper recommendation of the Post to neighbors and friends, to secure us a good list during the coming year, and to the grand total of one hundred thousand subscribers. With less than that number we are resolved now not to be satisfied.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. P. H. Your proposed paper was received in Post-Office—we have no knowledge of it. *Mary*—cannot speak in public correspondence.

"PASSION FLOWERS."

The volume of poems with this title, which has attracted so much attention and criticism of late, is by Mrs. Hale, of Boston, wife of the philanthropist and author of "Home Influence," and author in the name of German dramas, and the patient teacher of Laura Bridgman—a lady whose name we are unable to say is the author of "Passion Flowers" necessarily must be a rare, impassioned poetic temperament, formed to a "poet. It needs but a proper examination of the Post to neighbors and friends, to secure us a good list during the coming year, to the grand total of one hundred thousand subscribers. With less than that number we are resolved now not to be satisfied.

"Passion Flora" is no such object of high and pure contemplation. Quite the reverse. She is not even of the delicate constitution of Miss Landon or Caroline Norton, but rather of a finer specimen of rag and joyous health than either. She is, indeed, only the daughter of a wealthy banker of New York, and has lived, as it were, in the midst of the highest fashion and the gayest hellishness of Broadway. She has had her heart touched with love and passion, and belonging to a family of wealth and fashion, has had her sensibilities and passions her education was the worst that of most of her fashionable associates, and, by the accident of married life, she was not likely to be fitly mated. All she married to a man who has thoroughly accomplished by travel and study to be a hero and a philosopher, instead of being so to the more intellectual class, and beautiful soldiers, his heart, true stone, one of the most accomplished, talented and large hearted gentlemen.

Mr. Hale was, if we may trust her poems upon a manner so very susceptible of enlargement, "one of Nature's gentlemen," and the following lines will show that he was not only a true and beloved mother, but a wise one—one who preferred home comforts, humble, if a lowly feeling of what the English call their "constitutionals:"

"The evening, on the twilight hill,
Where round and round the herds are herded,
While I am waiting for my child,
I hear the curling gossip of them.

While round and round the horns I tended,
Or sat and watched the spinning wheel,
I never thought I could be wanting
To any things would back and smile.

They vanished, one by one, and I
Knew business can be a lure,
I sent beside the closing door,
And wept because I was alone.

The rest of the poems, about her being a young girl, "full of life, and hope, and courage," is not worthy the space it would occupy. It belongs to the "Writer," and her mother's letter, a delay of which, I fear, will be true, will get rid of us soon as possible. In fact, to speak the truth, we have no sympathy with "Passion Flora's" romance and beautiful appearance, we have had doubtless much logic of her becoming a heroine to American literature; because it shows the all-consuming power that what is now open to objection in her poems, is mere affectation—the often-seen reflected of youth, health and happiness.

Familiar Notice.—We call the attention of Japanese subjects to foreign exchange can be received for three years. Of course, the American expedition will have to return without an escort.

THE DRESS QUESTION.

Commencement.—A new schoolboy, Mr. J. Mc——, of Wilmington, Delaware, U. S.

Gift.—It appears by a letter from the late Lord Holland, that he received from Napoleon, while in exile, a gift of two hundred pounds sterling, and that he was in the habit of receiving from the Emperor many other kindnesses. These proofs may justly be considered honorable to the memory of Napoleon, and to the feelings of the late Lord Holland, who was not ashamed to receive them.

While we are upon the subject of compliments, we may as well mention that the Queen, whose name will have a pleasant ring to all readers of the World's records—Queen Victoria, of Madeira, Ind. (We trust Mr. Conover will excuse us for putting his name and post of office in such company.)

"Have the kindness to excuse Mrs. Ryker's second initial to be inserted, as we live in Ryker's Lane, and there is a Mrs. Ryker and Col. Ryker in old Chester, or Conovertown Lechester—Ryker's Lane."

"Your paper is gallantly keeping up with the improvements of this great country. It is decidedly different affair from the 'Saturday Evening Post' of which I was a subscriber for many years ago, when Ally Crocker made it what it was."

Mr. Conover suggests as alteration which he thinks would add greatly to the glory of the Post, and we are not certain that he is not right. But then again, "let well enough alone." In a country where all of our readers have a Coat of Arms, and a Family Crest, we think it would be the mark of one hundred thousand subscribers, and would be a great addition to the popularity of the Minister, and Mr. Mason was the first to give a precedent to the whole proceeding by having included it in his letter.

Mr. J. F. H., at Carrollton, Mo., we have another proof that the latest and best position of exaction are our warmest friends.

"There is no paper published in the Union, that is worth the price of subscription, that can excel us the Post, and I will take pleasure in procuring for it as many subscribers as I can."

If we were called upon now for a toast—to be drunk in water—we would say, "Our friends, the Post—in pleasure to all others, first famous old one of—The below—God bless them!"

Obituary.—Died, at New Brighton, Pa., on the 15th of February, Dr. Ellsworth Lemen, aged eighty-four years.

Dr. Clarke was a native of Lebanon, Connecticut, where he received a liberal education, and afterwards practiced medicine with distinguished success.

He was one of the early settlers of the country of Cuyahoga, in the State of New York—being the first physician who settled in the town of Ravenna, and in the village where he died.

Dr. Lemen was a candid inquirer into all the Protestant schools of religion and morality, Dr. Clarke, through a long life of struggle and trial, was a consistent member of the Presbyterian Church, and died in the full assurance of a glorious immortality.

He retained almost unimpaired all the powers of his mind to the last moment of his life, and was a man of the most unblemished character and purest morals.

He left a large number of children from all parts of the United States, to mourn the loss of a kind father, and the example of a Christian life.

Sent out in the village where he died.

The Foreign News.—The news by the Europa, though preparations for war were still largely actively made by France and England, is generally considered of a more pacific character. The details, though voluminous is extent, are not of much interest to us.

Omar Pacha, the Turkish commander, had recovered his health. There had been another battle between the Russians and Turks, but the Turks had the advantage. Ten thousand English troops were on the point of being dispatched to the seat of war. Not the Canard steamers, but the vessels of the Peninsular and Oriental Company had been chartered for the service by the British Government. Austria and Prussia are said to be about to enter into an alliance to stand neutral in the expected contest. The Turkish Ministry has given place to another, and the Grand Vizier is now Ali Pacha, who is said to be more compliant to the wishes of the Christian Powers. Kossuth has left Turin, and is now in Paris. He has been cordially received by the Emperor and Empress, and by the Court generally. He is also said to be on the most friendly terms with Lord Palmerston. The Emperor of Russia is said to be very ill, and it was only after the congratulations of the Czar on the birth of the Prince Imperial had been received that the Emperor's illness was officially announced. The Russian Government has refused to receive the Austrian ultimatum, and the Russian army is said to be concentrating on the Austrian frontier. The Russian army is said to be concentrating on the Austrian frontier. The Russian army is said to be concentrating on the Austrian frontier.

The Late Bankrupts.—A writer in the name of Edwin Forrest, in the Boston Post, says that the party who committed the burglary at Mr. Forrest's house was Mr. Wright a very positive as to the identity of the prisoner. A man who has been held to bail as one of those who made the attack upon Mr. Forrest, after the latter had sought out to be last among the dry articles of the Forrest correspondence, and he was heard by counsels, the brave and incorruptible Lieutenant Don Bennett, who, it is to be hoped, will regard that the wound would not prove serious. Mr. Forrest is at present at the house of Mr. Don Francisco Valdes, his other second, and is said to be doing well. Mr. Forrest was said to have his wound, and my doctor says he will be out in a few days.

In vain and long that chivalric gentleman, boast Mr. Secretary of State—never mutter, nor shout, nor shout, nor shout

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA:

SATURDAY, MARCH 4, 1854.

Congressional News

THIRTY-THIRD CONGRESS. FIRST SESSION.

SENATE.

On the 20th, numerous petitions against the Nebraska Bill were presented from Ohio, Pennsylvania, Vermont, Illinois, New Jersey, New York and Massachusetts.

Mr. Johnson introduced a bill to establish three Indian territories west of Arkansas. He said the bill had been prepared with great care, and with the view of answering the perplexing question as to what was to become of the Indians. It proposed to give them a kind of government which would promote their civilization, and encourage them to become citizens of the United States, and ultimately be admitted to the right of self-government. The tribes and parts of tribes mentioned in the bill were the only ones on this continent with whom the experiment could be tried. If it failed with them, it would be a total failure. He moved that 1,000 additional copies of the bill be printed, in order that it might be distributed among the Indians, and their views and suggestions heard upon it before action. The motion to print was agreed to.

Mr. Benjamin reported a bill making appropriations for improving the mouths of the Mississippi, and asked that it be considered.

Mr. Stuart objected. He would object to all separate bills for particular works. He wanted a general bill for all proper river and harbor works. To act on separate measures would be to defeat them all, and thus abandon the whole system of river and harbor improvements. If the House did not soon act on a general bill, he would insist on the Senate taking up the matter.

Mr. Bell agreed with the Senator, and the motion was not agreed to.

A Committee of Conference was ordered on the bill for the relief of the suffering troops who were saved from the San Francisco.

The Nebraska Bill was then taken up.

...but under the present circumstances he regarded it as eminently beneficial to the negroes and injurious to the master. Slavery was to be the means of civilizing Africa. As for as longevity, health and rapid increase of progeny, the slaves of the South were ... superior to free negroes at the North. A horse well attended to and cared for would last much longer and be in better condition than if turned out to grass. So with the negroes—with slaves, they were attended to, their wants supplied, and in sickness all the comforts and skill which interest and kindness could command. When free they were outcasts with no one to attend to them. The free negroes in Indiana would be far better off if they were slaves. The United States once sold Texas to the weak, feeble government of Spain, and after long trouble and travail, got her back. Who doubted the power of Congress to sell Oregon and Washington to Nicholas of Russia, and thus consign them to a slavery tenfold worse than that of African slavery? Though the power could not be denied, the expediency and propriety, and justice of exercising it was another matter. Could not Congress now enter upon any public lands in the states or territories, and with a cordon of bayonets protect its right for naval purposes—guard its minerals in the bowels of the earth, and drive off all persons, state authorities included, who would intrude upon them. The states of the north-west territory were admitted only to equal political rights. No new state, except Texas, had ever been admitted on an equal footing with the old original thirteen, as to its lands.

Mr. Cass said that there was much in the manner and language of the Senator; which required a reply. The fire enkindled by his speech had been burning, it seemed, in the Senator's breast, during four long years, and had to-day broke out as from a volcano. He had written the Nicholson Letter, in which he had taken the ground that Congress had no sovereignty over the territories. That letter had been discussed in the House of Representatives, and among others, by the Senator. He (Cass) was not then in Congress. Two years after, he took up these speeches, one after the other, and reviewed them all; not, as might be supposed, the speech of the Senator alone. In the speech of the Senator on that occasion he spoke of the silliness and absurdity of the doctrine of the Nicholson Letter, and he (Cass) had done nothing more than to defend himself by showing that his doctrine alone was correct. If Congress had the power, it was derived from the Constitution. If the Constitution did not give it, Congress had no such power. He had never been able to find a man who could point out where the power was given in the Constitution.

Mr. Sumner got the floor, when the Senate adjourned.

On the 21st, Mr. Bayard presented five petitions in favor of establishing all territorial governments on the principle of non-intervention by Congress.

Mr. Pearce presented a resolution that the Chair fill the vacancy in the Regents of the Smithsonian Institute, occasioned by the expiration of Mr. Charlton's term. Adopted; and Mr. Douglass was appointed.

Mr Bayard reported a bill for the completion of the Treasury Building in the form of a parallelogram east and west, with fronts 470 feet long each, ...

...

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Subscriptions will be received at either of the above mentioned Depots. But the proprietors of the Post hold themselves responsible only for money received directly by themselves, or through their authorized travelling agents.

ALMANAC.

March, 1854.	SUN RISES.	SUN SETS.	HIGH WATER.	MOON'S PHASES.
4 Saturday,	6 21	5 39	6 11	
5 Sunday,	6 20	5 40	6 37	
6 Monday,	6 19	5 41	7 45	
7 Tuesday,	6 17	5 43	8 35	D. H. M.
8 Wedn'day	6 16	5 44	9 25	First 6 1 56
9 Thursday,	6 15	5 45	10 16	Full 14 12 42
10 Friday,	6 13	5 47	11 6	Last 21 12 53
11 Saturday,	6 12	5 48	11 57	New 28 11 45

Marriages.

Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On Wednesday evening 22d ult. by the Rev. John Street, Mr. John D. Kunick, to Miss Mary C. Barnberry, both of this city.

On the morning of the 16th ult. at Christ Church, Norwich, Conn. by the Rev. W. F. Morgan, Daniel G. Thomas, of this city, to Josephine H. daughter of A. B. Sherman, Esq. of Norwich.

On the 21st of Feb. by the Rev. D. B. Cheney, Henry C. Corfield, to Kate, daughter of Jacob Thomas, Esq. all of this city.

On the 22d ult. at Trinity Church, by the Rev. D. W. Bartine, Rev. George W. Maclaughlin, to Miss Harriet C. Knorr.

On the 9th ult. by the Rev. W. Blackwood, Mr. John Neeland, to Miss Elizabeth Young, all of this city.

On the 25th July last, by John G. Wilson, V. D. M. Mr. W. T. Sendelling, to Miss Mary Bowen.

On the 23d of Jan. by the same, Mr. Benjamin Harmer, to Miss Harriet Fountain, all of Kensington.

On the 13th instant, by the Rev. Richard Newton, Rector of St. Paul's Church, Anthony Simpson, formerly of Manchester, England, to Miss Helen Crawford, of this city.

On the 3d ult. by the Rev. H. E. Montgomery, Mr. Robert Rayburn, to Miss Catharine White, both of this city.

On the 28th ult. by the Rev. Geo. Chandler, Mr. John Davis, to Miss Mary Bennet.

On the 8th ult. by the Rev. E. Miller, Mr. William Boyles, to Miss Lydia S. Maginnis, both of this city.

On the 13th January, by the Rev. Mr. Hare, Mr. Thomas Schenck, of Francisville, to Mrs. Eliza Dunn, of this city.

On the 21st ult. by the Rev. Henry S. Clarke, George W. Haldeman, formerly of Columbia, Pa. to Miss Jane M. daughter of Thomas Word, Esq. merchant, of this city.

On the 6th Sept. last, by the Rev. Wm. Cooper, James Burnit to Ann Harra, all of Philadelphia.

On the 15th ult. by the Rev. Geo. Chandler, Mr. John W. Kennedy, of Philadelphia, to Miss Louisa Steelman, formerly of May's Landing, N. Jersey.

On the 18th ultimo, by the same, Mr. William Batty, Jr. to Miss Ann Brittner, of Chester Creek, Del. county.

On the 18th ultimo, by the Rev. J. A. Roche, Mr. Harry Sylvester Katz, to Anna West, daughter of the late Geo. Gorgas, Jr. of this city.

On the 14th ult. by Friends' Ceremony, Richard Shoalsberry, to Kate Fricke, both of this city.

Deaths.

Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On Saturday evening, 25th ult. Thomas Peterson, in the 63d year of his age.

On first-day, 2d month, 19th, 1854, John Willits, eldest son of Samuel B. and Jane F. Cowley, at his parents' residence, near Jersey City, recently of Philadelphia, aged 7 years and 26 days.

On 4th-day morning, 22d ultimo, at his residence, Moorestown, N. J., John Stokes, in the 77th year of his age.

On the 21st ultimo, Mary, wife of Jos. Miller.

On the 22d ult. Mr. Edward Duffy, aged 52.

On the 2d ult. Michael Betty, aged 10 months.

On the 22d ult. Ann Jane, daughter of Geo. and Ann Prescott, aged 6 years and 11 months.

On the 23d ult. Harry George, son of David and Jane Seeley, aged 6 years and 2 months.

On the 22d ult. Mr. Hugh McDonald, aged 80.

On the 22d ult. Samuel McDowell, aged 36.

Suddenly, Charles Miller, aged 18 years.

On the 22d ult. Samuel McMinn, aged 30 years.

On the 22d ult. William Bonner, aged 60 years.

On the 20th ult. Margaret, daughter of Oliver and Elizabeth Long, aged 17 months.

On the 21st ult. James Eccles, aged 2 years and 7 months.

On the 21st ultimo, George M. son of Wm. and Eliza Colober, aged 14 months.

On the 19th ult. Mrs. Emma Elizabeth, wife of John S. M'Coal, aged 30 years.

On the 21st ult. Mr. John Wilkins, aged 70.

On the 20th ult. John McIlroon, aged 56 years.

...

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A WASHINGTON NUMBER.

SPLENDIDLY ILLUSTRATED.

GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE FOR MARCH, 1854.

HEADLEY'S WASHINGTON.—The commencement of the Life of Gen. George Washington, in Graham's Magazine, has given an impulse to the work, in the way of new subscribers, for which we were scarcely prepared, although we anticipated a popularity and sale, from this feature, greater than from any other single series of papers that had ever before appeared in this Magazine.

"The Father of his Country" is embalmed in the hearts of the people, and the rising generation will have their memories stored with fact and illustration, in relation to his character, by Headley, so that Washington's "memory will be kept green" in tens of thousands of American households, and each chapter of the work, as it appears monthly in Graham hereafter, will be looked for with an avidity far greater than that which has been manifested for "Abbott's Life of Napoleon." How much better and more worthy Headley's theme is, we need not tell to the American public.

The work is copyrighted, and cannot appear elsewhere. It is elegantly illustrated with drawings and engravings by the first artists. The March part is also illustrated by a splendid steel engraving of "Washington prior to the Revolution," from an accredited portrait in the possession of the Custis family. The illustrations alone for this work will cost the publishers of "Graham" over $5,000—a sum they very cheerfully spend for the very liberal class of the public which sustains this time-honored American monthly, which, through all changes in others, and all competition, fair or foul, keeps its proud position at the very head of our own literature; at once its leader, supporter and defender.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

"We have carefully perused the February number, and are satisfied that it abounds in the kind of Literary matter which will prove most palatable to a refined, intellectual taste. This, we believe, is the best Magazine now published.—Democratic Whig, Bellefonte, Pa.

"There is no book on a par with Graham in or out of the United States."—Whig, Flint, Mich.

"Graham's Magazine is infinitely the best literary work in the United States."—Kentucky Whig.

"Graham is the best Magazine in America—Harper not excepted."—Liberty Banner, West Liberty, Ohio.

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GEORGE WASHINGTON. By J. T. Headley. Part II. Elegantly Illustrated. Containing, Washington sent against the French—Hostilities of the latter—Fort Duquesne—Difficulties of the March—Dangerous Explorations—Message from the Half-King—Night March—Attack on Jumonville—Feelings of Washington in his First Battle—Final Results of it—Fort Necessity—Battle of the Great Meadows—Washington Capitulates—Resigns in disgust his Commission—Tart Refusal to join the Army under Governor Sharpe—Accepts Braddock's Request to act as Volunteer Aid—Is taken Sick—Joins the Army—Battle of Monongahela—Bravery of Washington—The Retreat—Death of Braddock—Washington reads the Funeral Service—Burial by Torch-light—Scenes around Fort Duquesne—Demoniacal Jubilee of the Indians—Washington at Mount Vernon—Disgust with the Government—Appointed Commander-in-chief of the Virginia Forces—Head quarters at Winchester—Inroads of the Indians—Terror of the Settlers—Sternness of Washington—False Rumor—Difficulty with Capt. Dagworthy—Goes to Boston to refer it to Gov. Shirley—Reception on the way—Falls in love with Miss Phillips of New York—His Return.

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PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

...

THE STOCK MARKET.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY ROSS, CAMBLOS & CO., STOCK AND EXCHANGE BROKERS, ... Third Street.

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Bank Note List.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY I. CRAVEN & CO., BROKERS, No. ... South Third Street.

...

Original Letter.

LETTERS FROM MRS. DENISON

NUMBER 1.

Departure—Sea-Sickness—Sights at Sea—The West Indian—A Death on Board—An Ocean Funeral.

You know when one is going an unavoidable voyage, the mind gets reconciled by degrees to all prospective inconveniences or dangers.

"A beautiful vessel!" exclaims the uninitiated—"fine accommodations," "how spacious the cabin!" "I should like to go myself." But though "rocked in the cradle of the deep," gives the most tender emotional feelings, when heard amidst the comforts and splendor of the brilliant concert-room—one finds a very different sensation stealing over the fine nerves of thought, while repeating that exquisite poem, jarred by the ungentle rocking of the rude waves.

For three days I could repeat it with tolerable self-complacency—but then for those first three days—we were *becalmed!* Ah! during that period, was I not a fine sailor? Did I not descant bravely upon the beauty of the great, glad, blue deep? Did I fail in my duty three times in the day towards certain and various defunct chickens and other respectable poultry? Ask the Captain.

At length the wished and whistled-for breeze came, like a giant, square on the wings of our beautiful Tropic Bird—and on and over the waves she leaped, like a thing full of wicked life.

"Rocked in the cradle of the deep,"

sang I, with the slightest spice of rue,

"I lay me down in peace to sleep;
Secure I rest————"

and then came an ominous silence—the silence that precedes defeat.

The *rest*—let imagination of the most direful shade and ominous complexion portray for itself, and it will fall short of the dreadful reality. For six long days I kept my state-room, obstinately refusing to be comforted—on the seventh I emerged from that hated retreat, and heroically ascended to the deck, though entirely willing to make "food for fishes," should any one venture a wish to throw me overboard.

The monotony of those days and nights I cannot easily forget. Hours have I lain listening to the strange sounds that filled the cabin at grayish dawn, pleasing myself with the domestic fancies they conjured before my vision. At times I could distinguish the rattling and bustle of the kitchen. What a clinking of tongs and shovel, as if four-and-twenty servant-maids were hard at work. What a crackle and hiss, as of kindling fire! Then came on an extensive dish-washing—the pans creaked, the water boiled and bubbled—souse went the crockery into the hot steam, with a hiss, and down it fell, clanking on the board, while, mingled with the sound, rose the harsh squeak of geese, the clucking of hens, and chanticleer answering his neighbor from stem to stern, in short—a very "omnibus" of home sounds were they, as Colonel Haynes, one of our passengers, remarked.

The theme of sights and sounds of sea voyages is, I am aware, entirely worn threadbare. But I cannot refrain from expressing the delight with which I saw a fine vessel "bear down"—(I believe that is the nautical term)—in order to "speak us." She came so gallantly, dipping her huge sides in the cream-crested waves, her sails all set and glistening in the sun, that in watching her I quite forgot all temporary sickness, and actually danced about the deck, elated into enthusiasm, for I knew she was bound to "home, sweet home."

And so it proved, for over the distance rang the hearty

"Ship ahoy!"
"Halloa!"
"Where you from?"
"Philadelphia."
"Where bound?"
"Barbadoes—where are you from?"
"Callao—bound to Boston."
"What's your cargo?"
"Saltpetre."
"What's your passage?"
"Five days from the capes—three days calm in horse latitudes. Light winds for several days past."
"You'll find the North-East Trades very strong—hain't had dry decks till the last two days."
"Amen!" said the captain, for we were anxiously waiting for the Trades, those God-sends to mariners—and the vessel held on her course. I could not bear to think of parting with her; I stood and watched her bounding flight, with I know not what sensations of delight and regret.

A fine opportunity for a poem!—and several grand titles leaped simultaneously into my brain. I'll make myself immortal, thought I. I surely will. Away, hobgoblin sea-sickness! a pencil—a pencil—my kingdom for a pencil! writing-paper, a steady motion and less impertinent breeze!

Steadying myself as best I could, down I sat upon the deck—unbottled a vial of the ninth muse, and—but let me delight you with my production:

A passing ship—sight not so strange,
Yet sweet her lessening sails to see
Grow white, and large, and meanwhile change
Their onward course of destiny

Sublime! but short—cut just there by a lurch that sent paper, pen, ink, and my unfortunate self to leeward, thus ending my present career of immortality—a bubble burst—a phantom vanished—alas! for earthly fame! Some other time it remains for me to perpetuate the fame of the "Mary Vose," from Callao, bound for Boston, loaded with peternalt—I mean saltpetre, etc., etc.

But graver things arrest my pen.

On the first day of our passage, I noticed, coming slowly into the cabin, a man of powerful frame. But his step was halting—his air uncertain—and as he sat down he appeared laboring for breath. He was a West Indian, going home after a fruitless search for health in our more bracing climate. How sad he looked, poor fellow! He neither spoke nor smiled, nor did the exuberant mirth of a merry party affect his gravity in the least. His head was bowed low upon his hand—his keen black eyes were restless and fatally brilliant. In a few hours he entered his state-room—and—he never left it again.

Night after night could we hear his piteous moaning—day after day he coughed with alarming severity, and sea sickness was added to his paroxysms of fierce pain.

Every attention was shown him by the Captain, the steward and passengers, but through the long nights he was alone.

We shudder when we enter the room of disease, secluded and sheltered though it be, with nought but the velvet tread of nurses to disturb its silence. We weep for the sufferer, though wife and children minister to him in tenderest duties—though luxuries lie within the reach of his hand, and the beaming smile of love lessens even pain. But think of this poor consumptive bolstered in one corner of his narrow *state-room*—tossed by the uneasy motion of the vessel—none to wipe off the cold sweat of agony, save when his trembling voice called for the faithful steward.

My husband frequently sat with him during the day, administering those consolations of religion, which, however far we hold them by the indolent hand of health—we grasp at, as strong realities, when the "armed man" stands at our bedside. He was willing to die, he said—but oh, 'twas pitiful to hear him long for home. I can see him now, with that eager, asking look—his hair black, crisp and close upon his temples, his cheeks hollow to the bone, his eyes, so large, and wild and lustrous; his high, square shoulders, pressed upward, with hands folded before him, patiently waiting the end—he *hoped* at the voyage—but with him 'twas the end of "all things."

Some days before the time, he thought we were entering Barbadoes.

He called eagerly to my husband—"You will help me ashore—I heard the Captain ask for a pilot."

It was very touching to see his look of suffering when undeceived.

"I believe I am under a delusion," he said, mournfully—and he leaned back in his old patient attitude, with his accustomed moan.

One beautiful day when we were all talking of the expected land, I took my seat near his state-room. For some three hours I sat there, occupied with my books and music—yet wondering at the silence of our poor invalid. He is better, I thought—indeed he had himself said in the morning—"I am more comfortable to-day." I saw the steward go towards his state-room—lean forward, look a long time, and then beckon to my husband. A chill ran through my veins when he whispered, "feel if there is any pulse." As he came out I asked, "Is he dying?"

"He is dead," replied my husband.

Probably for hours I had sat alone with the corpse, for there was no one but myself till within a few moments, in the cabin. Above, was uproarious mirth—but how sudden was its hush.

Calmly and without pain he must have died—for not a finger moved from the attitude of quiet repose.

On the afternoon of that same day, while the sunshine lay broad upon the great ocean, the last, solemn duties were performed. It seemed so strange that under that misshapen heap of canvas moulded to no human likeness, lay what yesterday thought and talked, suffered and hoped. I could not bring my mind to realize the fact. I looked into his empty state-room. There hung the travelling cap—there stood the travelling trunks, well strapped and locked; but all was naked of soul. The ghastly form—the attenuated frame, where were they? Lashed to a board and about to be launched into the grave of the mariner.

I shuddered then—for I seemed to hear the wild mourning of his bereaved wife and children—Heaven help them!

All heads were uncovered—all hands ordered aft—every face wore an air of solemnity, as my husband read the beautiful burial service for the dead. A cloud that moment veiled the sun, the low prayer, asking for Heavenly submission for the absent relatives of "this our brother," was ended—one lift, a slide, a heavy plash—the blue deep closed again—the dark cloud broke in sunder—a white and shining halo played around its edges—and a blaze of golden sunshine streamed over the ocean path—lighting far down the way to that fathomless grave.

It all passed—and so it seems to me now—like a dream.

Miscellaneous.

Mrs. Swisshelm's Opinion of Shanghai Chickens.—*What is going on.*—A gentleman who gardens, raises poultry, &c., in the vicinity of Pittsburg, informs us that the famous Shanghai breed of poultry is no great shakes after all. He contends that the Shanghai is more difficult to raise, requires more food—that the meat is coarse and black—and at best is scarcely equal on the table to a poor turkey. He thinks the Shanghai and Morus Multicaulus humbugs, might both have existed at the same time without any one realizing a fortune out of either.—*Cincinnati Sun.*

We are very glad, says Mrs. Swisshelm, that "a gentleman" near Pittsburg has made the discovery. To us his information is nothing new. We used to be something of a hen-fancier, before chicken raising was removed out of woman's sphere, and never knew a long-legged hen that was worth her food. When gentlemen and dignitaries got to tending hen-coops and counting eggs, we began to think that chicken-hatching, like law-making, might be a masculine prerogative—that nobody but gentlemen and old hens should venture to sit in judgment either upon hens' nests or hereditaments, and so we never gave an opinion upon the hen fever of the last few years. If the people do not soon have enough of the Shanghai chickens, they will be hard to satisfy. They do very well to keep in a yard and sell to people who are curious about experiments and willing to pay for them, but when they come to the ordinary use of chickendom, they are a positive nuisance. They will take corn out of the ground after it is up and bladed—so long as the seed kernel can be found at the root. They will destroy more of the growing crops of a farm than an equal number of hogs; and in the fall, dig and pick potatoes by the bushel, leaving a great amount of refuse fit for nothing but hog feed. We would not like to board a pair of Shanghais in a house for less than two dollars a week, and running at large should ask from five to ten according to the season. We imagine the people in China would be vastly delighted with an old yellow-legged brown hen—such as may be seen waddling about any barn-yard, valued at twelve and a-half cents each; and we would not give one of them for six Shanghais, legs and all. In fact we would scarce be paid to take that many under obligation to *keep* them.—*Pittsburg Journal and Visiter.*

☞ They have a "dre'ful" mean man in Iowa. He gave the measels to a neighbor, the other day, and has been crying ever since—not because he parted with the measels, but because he had to give them away. Could he have sold them, "he would have died happy." He is a brother to the old gent who resides at Troy, and who never has green peas for dinner without remembering the poor—he sends the pods to the Orphan Asylum.

☞ An old lady, looking at the curiosities in Barnum's Museum, came to a couple of large sea dogs, and, after gazing at them with wonder, inquired of a wag who stood near, if they ever barked? "No, madam," replied he, "not now—their bark is on the sea."

Clippings.

☞ "To Persons About to Marry."—Considering the rubbish that is mostly sold at the cheap furniture marts, the poor deluded individuals, who buy their chairs and tables and four-post bedsteads there, generally turn out *Furniture Mart-yrs!*

☞ We hope that somebody will carry out the experiment of raising fish, so that we may have shad all the year round. It would not be a bad idea to appropriate one of our great lakes as a nursery for sperm whales, to save the trouble and expense of sending our ships on four-years voyages into the Pacific after oil.

☞ Modern law may be divided into three parts—supposition, proof and denial. Supposition is nothing; proof is next to impossible; and to deny everything is the main point.

☞ The woman who undertook to scour the woods, has abandoned the job, on account of the scarcity of sand and the high price of soap.

☞ Of Mrs. Stanton's address to the New York Legislature, the Albany Express says:—"It is a good indictment against the whole race of Man, for high crimes and misdemeanors committed wickedly and maliciously, through the instigation of the devil, against the gentler sex."

☞ Magniloquence in the Pulpit.—A newly-fledged theologian, making his debut before a country congregation, recently, commenced his opening invocation in these words: "Oh, thou magnificent creature!" There was a general leaning of foreheads upon the pew rails, and a tremulous movement pervaded the worshippers, but no loud laughter occurred, and the prayer proceeded to its close in the same lofty strain. The sermon was perhaps more so.—*Boston Transcript.*

☞ It is said that there has been, the past year, a deficiency in the importation of teas, compared with former years, of ten million of pounds.

☞ In a Very Bad Way.—"Why, you seem quite wretched, Frank." "Wretched, my boy! Ah, you may imagine how wretched I am, when I tell you I don't even care how my trowsers are made!"—*Punch.*

☞ The following advertisement appears in the New Orleans *True Delta*:

Wanted.—By a young lady moving in the first society, a husband, with an income of thirty thousand dollars per annum, and an opera box. Not particular as to the age or general appearance of the gentleman. Address Lucia, at this office.

☞ The Head and Front of their Offending.—We very much doubt whether the present fashionable bonnet will ever become a great favorite with the ladies, as their love for it cannot be said to be "*over head and ears!*"

☞ The Washington Star says it is impossible to keep secrets in connection with public affairs in that city. "While there are so many pretty women to cajole old Senators out of their wits, the Senate had better give up holding Executive Sessions, unless by rule they prescribe that a pitch plaster be put on the mouth of every Senator. And even then, the angels would manage to get it off, and their secrets would soon be exposed."

☞ Good Reasons.—An Irish washerwoman, when reproached with having refused the use of her pail to a necessitous neighbor, put in three pleas of justification: *First*, she said she hadn't got a pail; then, she had lent it; and, "Besides, don't you see that I am using it myself?"

☞ To Capitalists.—We saw in one of our daily journals once, the following advertisement: "To Capitalists.—Wanted, five hundred pounds to go on a spree. References exchanged." We dare say the wag who wrote it, also penned the following on the back of a bank note: "This is the last of five thousand, left me by my dear departed grandmother, one year and a half ago! I wish it had been ten!"

☞ Valuable Presents.—The New York Mirror, speaking of New Year's presents says: "The best thing to give your enemy is forgiveness; to your opponent, tolerance; to a friend, your heart; to your children, a good example; to your father, deference; to your mother, conduct that makes her proud of you; to yourself, respect; to all men, charity; to God obedience.

☞ A preacher in the "far west" gave out for his text a certain chapter and verse of *Cloves*. The Deacon arose and told him it was *Timothy*. "Oh yes," replied the divine, "it is Timothy; I knew it was some kind of grass."

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA:
SATURDAY, MARCH 11, 1854.

ALL THE CONTENTS OF THE POST ARE SET UP EXPRESSLY FOR IT, AND IT ALONE. IT IS NOT A MERE REPRINT OF A DAILY PAPER.

TERMS, &c.

The terms of the POST are $2, if paid in advance—$3, if not paid in advance. For $5 in advance, one copy is sent three years. We continue the following low terms to Clubs, to be sent in the city to one address, and in the country to one Post Office:

4 Copies, - - - - -	$5,00	Per Annum.
8 " (and one to the getter up of the Club,)	$10,00	"
13 " (and one to the getter up of the Club,)	$15,00	"
20 " (and one to the getter up of the Club,)	$20,00	"

Additions to Clubs.—Any person having sent the money and names for a Club, may add new names to it at the same rate, provided the latter will allow their subscriptions to end at the same time those of the main list do. We will willingly supply the back numbers if we have them. Our object is to have all the subscriptions in each Club, end at the same time, and thus prevent confusion.

The Money for Clubs must always be sent in advance. When the sum is large, a draft should be procured, if possible—the cost of which may be deducted from the amount.

Post-Masters or others sending for Clubs, would confer a favor by having them sent to one address, when they can do so conveniently.

A New Arrangement.—Our subscribers will take notice that we now have no collecting agents, out of this State. They will therefore please remit to us direct.

All persons addressing letters to us should be careful to give the name of the State, as well as of the town, in which they live. *All letters must be post-paid.*

Subscribers wishing their papers changed, will please give the name of the Post-Office to be changed *from*, as well as the Post-Office they wish it hereafter sent to.

We trust our old friends the Post-Masters, will exert themselves and get up large Clubs; or if they do not feel inclined to take advantage of our liberal offers themselves, that they will show our Prospectus to other influential and responsible persons who will be willing to do so.

OUR CONTRIBUTORS.

Our contributors will be the following brilliant array of writers—with all of whom positive arrangements have been made:

Mrs. Southworth, Emerson Bennett, Grace Greenwood, Mrs. Denison and Fanny Fern.

We are now publishing, according to promise, the original novelet of

THE BRIDE OF THE WILDERNESS.

Written expressly for the Post, by Emerson Bennett, author of "Viola," "Clara Moreland," "The Forged Will," &c. Back numbers, containing the opening of the story, will be sent to new subscribers until farther notice.

This novelet we design following by another called

THE STEP MOTHER.

By Mrs. Mary A. Denison, author of "Home Pictures, numerous Domestic Sketches, &c.

We also have the promise of a number of

SKETCHES BY GRACE GREENWOOD.

Whose brilliant pen will be almost exclusively employed upon the Post and her own little paper for children.

We have made arrangements also for a series of articles from a new star in the literary horizon,—whose scintillations have been hailed with delight by thousands. They will be entitled a

NEW SERIES OF SKETCHES.
BY FANNY FERN.

Mrs. Southworth, whose fascinating works are being rapidly republished in England, also will maintain her old and pleasant connection with the Post. The next story from her gifted pen will be entitled,

MIRIAM, THE AVENGER:
OR, THE FATAL VOW.

In addition to the above splendid array of Novelets and Sketches—we have made arrangements for the usual supply of Foreign Correspondence from Europe, &c. This will include a series of LETTERS FROM DEMARARA, by MRS. DENISON, descriptive of the manners, customs, scenery, &c., of British Guiana. Mr. Denison, American Consul to British Guiana, also has promised us some letters descriptive of that portion of the South American world.

Engravings, Choice Selections, Agricultural Articles, the News, Congressional Reports, &c., &c., shall be given as heretofore. And in view of the above attractions, involving a large outlay of money, we feel emboldened in asking a continuance of that warm and hearty support which we have received from our readers in years past. It needs but a proper recommendation of the Post to neighbors and friends, to swell up our list during the coming year, to the grand total of one hundred thousand subscribers. With less than that number we are resolved now not to be satisfied.

A Bad Practice in the Senate.—A good many bad practices are creeping into the Senate, as the reader will see by our weekly reports, to one of which—a slang-whanging, personal, bar-room, and ungentlemanly style of debating—we may take occasion hereafter to allude. But the bad practice we refer to at present, is the habit of allowing expressions of applause or of dissent, by clapping or otherwise, on the part of citizens in the galleries. It is such an easy matter for the friends of any Senator to pack the galleries, and thus have his speeches applauded to the echo, that, if the thing be not put a stop to at the beginning, it may lead to attempts by comparatively small numbers of men, to overawe the deliberations of this highest of our legislative assemblies. We trust, therefore, that an absolute rule will be made, rendering it incumbent upon the presiding officer, when such invasions of dignity and decorum are committed, to order that the galleries shall be immediately cleared. A few examples of this kind, would enable the very excitable to control their hands and feet. There are enough modes of bringing public opinion to bear upon the Senate, without resorting to means calculated to still further increase that tendency which it now manifests, to the riot, disorder, bravado and vulgarity which disgrace the House of Representatives.

Eli K. Price.—We do not agree with Senator Price as to the *unconstitutionality* of searching dwelling-houses where a regular practice is made of selling liquor—we think it a mere matter of expediency—but we were pleased to see his neighbors and friends, and fellow-citizens generally, rally to the vindication of the honesty and integrity of his character. In fact, Mr. Price was mainly elected as a friend of Consolidation and of a Paid Fire Department—they were *the* questions, and the Prohibition Law entered but incidentally into the canvass. Besides, we are not disposed to believe a man, who has always maintained the highest character for integrity, guilty of a violation of his plighted word, except upon the clearest kind of testimony. Our Temperance friends, at the last election, if they had run a separate candidate, would simply have ruined the Consolidation movement, without bettering themselves. Do be temperate, gentlemen. There is not room on the fire for everybody's kettle at once. And when yours are on, there is nothing gained by making the fire so hot that the weaker vessels crack, and the full ones boil over, scalding and scattering in all directions. Still this advice is only for the few who need it, not for the great majority, who do not need it.

The Isthmus Canal.—Accounts from the Isthmus state that the exploring parties deputed to pronounce upon the feasibility of making a ship canal between the Atlantic and Pacific oceans, have come to the conclusion that it is totally impracticable. We are sorry to hear this, and trust that the accounts in question are somewhat colored by the rival interests of the railroad route.

The Shanghai Humbug.—An article from Mrs. Swisshelm on this last "folly," will be found in another column. We see it stated that at a large sale of Shanghai and other fancy chickens, in this city, recently, birds of pure breed were knocked down at from 25 cts. to 75 cts. each. What shall be the next humbug?

MEMBERS OF CONGRESS.

A contemporary says:—

It is said—but can it be true?—that a member of Congress who is known to be committed against the practice of duelling, is more liable to insult at Washington, than one who has no scruples on the subject.

No, we do not think it is true—at least, not exactly in the sense stated. For instance, we believe that a man may go to Washington, fully committed against the practice of duelling—but, at the same time, not in the least committed against a fearless calling of things and men, if necessary, by their right names, and a fearless resort to such means of protection against personal violence as the laws and the public opinion of their anti-duelling constituencies allow—and be no more liable to insult than the most notorious fire-eater.

And we doubt somewhat whether the most ultra Non-Resistant, who was as fearless and plain-spoken as most of the class whom it has been our lot to meet—one of the most fearless men we know, being the most ultra non-resistant we ever talked with—would be any more liable to insult at Washington than a professed duellist, who had murdered his man. *For* if a man cannot be cowed-down in the spirit, and will not fight (*for conscience*-sake) in the flesh—what can any man that has a spark of manhood do with him, but meet him on his own ground, or not meet him at all?

No, the temper of every new member is tried at Washington, as boys try the temper of a new knife, or of a new playmate. Every man, therefore, who goes there—especially from an anti-duelling constituency—should consider well before he goes, whether he is prepared to stand this test. Attempts will be made to browbeat him, just as certainly as he places himself in opposition to any scheme of any excitable and self-willed member. If he is not prepared, when tested, to call things and men fearlessly by their right names—in short, terse phrases—and meet the consequences thereafter, either as a Resistant or a Non-Resistant, as his conscience should determine, let him stay at home, and not disgrace—as so many, and especially *Northern* men do—themselves and their birth-place.

We advise no new member to seek cause of offence, in order to show his quality—which is despicable—on the contrary, let him especially study a "flowing courtesy towards all men;" but, when the trial-hour comes, sooner or later, as it inevitably will, let him make up his mind to act, and, if need be, die like a man, rather than live like a mouse.

Munificent Bequests.—The following bequests to public objects, are made in the will of the late Elliott Cresson. The remainder of his estate goes to the children of his brother, Warder Cresson:

American Sunday School Union,	$50,000
Philadelphia School of Design for Women,	10,000
Pennsylvania Historical Society, for the purchase of Penn's mansion,	10,000
For a monument to Wm. Penn,	10,000
Episcopal Missions and Schools at Port Cresson, in Liberia, Africa,	10,000
Pennsylvania Hospital for the Insane,	5,000
City of Philadelphia, for planting trees,	5,000
University of Pennsylvania, to endow a Professorship of Fine Arts,	5,000
For founding a School of Mines,	5,000
Pennsylvania Agricultural Society,	5,000
Protestant Episcopal Seminary at Alexandria, Va.,	5,000
Philadelphia Athenæum,	1,000
Widows' Asylum, (Cherry st.)	1,000
Deaf and Dumb Asylum,	1,000
House of Refuge,	1,000
Colored do.,	1,000
Refuge for Decayed Merchants,	1,000
Pennsylvania Colonization Society,	1,000
	$127,000

The language of the will in respect to some of the above bequests, is worth quoting. Thus, in relation to the Refuge for Decayed Merchants, it says:

To Joseph R. Ingersoll, Eli K. Price, J. W. Claghorn, E. F. Rivinus, Frederick Fraley, Wm. P. Foulk, Thomas S. Mitchell, Dr. Kirkbride, and Joseph Harrison, Trustees, and my executors hereafter named, my lands in Clinton county, in trust for the foundation and support of a home for aged, infirm, or invalid gentlemen and merchants, where they may enjoy the comforts of an asylum not eleemosynary, but as far as may be, by the addition of their own means, and by reference to the Prytaneum of ancient Athens, an honorable home, with the hope that it may be perpetuated and enlarged by the bequests of its grateful inmates, until it shall become worthy of the city of Penn, and a blessing to a class whose wants have hitherto been overlooked, leaving to my said trustees full power to conduct and carry out this Institution on the best possible plan, and to provide for its permanent usefulness in or near my native city.

And again:

To the Mayor and Councils of Philadelphia, the sum of *five thousand dollars* in trust as a perpetual fund, the income of which I desire shall annually forever be expended in planting and renewing shade trees, especially in situations now exposing my fellow citizens to the heat of the sun; desiring that due care be taken to select the best varieties, and excluding such foreign trash as the Lombardy Poplar, Ailanthus, Paper Mulberry, and similar exotics.

6th. To my said executors the sum of *five thousand dollars* in trust, to be applied towards providing a School of Mines, for developing the mineral treasures of my native State.

7th. To the Pennsylvania Agricultural Society the sum of *five thousand dollars* in trust, to be by them applied toward the erection and support of an Agricultural College within the said State.

8th. To my faithful friend and Secretary, Wm. Coppinger, *five thousand dollars*.

9th. To the Pennsylvania Historical Society *five thousand dollars*, provided they shall apply the same to the purchase of Penn's Mansion in Second Street, and preserve the same as a memento of love and regard for the memory and services of the illustrious founder of Pennsylvania.

11th. To my friend and pastor, Rev. Wm. Bacon Stevens, *five thousand dollars*.

12th. The sum of *five thousand dollars* to erect a monument to the virtues and noble actions of William Penn, on the site of the Treaty-Tree at Kensington, or within the city itself.

Philadelphia owes a debt of gratitude to Mr. Cresson for a number of the above bequests. $300 a year for planting trees, if properly seconded by the citizens at large, ought to make this city the best shaded—if it is not so already—in the Union.

We greatly hope the Historical Society will be able to carry out the provisions of the will, respecting the purchase of the old Penn Mansion, at the corner of Norris's Alley and Second Street. It was built by a Mr. Samuel Carpenter prior to the landing of Penn, and was purchased by William Penn for a Governor's Mansion soon after his arrival. Apart from the historical associations, it is interesting as showing what kind of buildings were once thought worthy to be the residences of Governors. Of course the frame addition which now occupies the place of the old front yard to the building, should be torn away if purchased, and everything restored as far as possible to its original condition. Objects of this character give a city importance and interest in the eyes of foreign travellers and strangers generally.

Strange.—We see it stated that Bishop Potter, of this city, recently refused to comply with his agreement to lecture before the Young Men's Literary Association of Pittsburg, because he heard that Lucy Stone and Antoinette Brown were on their list of speakers.

We hope this statement is not correct. We always have had a very high respect for Bishop Potter, and we doubt much the propriety of such a refusal. If the young men did wrong in allowing these ladies to lecture before them, so much the more need of their being set right. It would have been no worse than sitting down to dine with publicans and sinners—for "those who are well require no physician, but those who are sick." Why, the Bishop himself wears a gown occasionally. And if pantaloons thus yield the field before the enemy, they will soon have to cry, as Daniel Webster once did, "where shall we go?" Would it not be better to combat stoutly to the end, and, if need be, "die in the last breach"-es?

Martin Van Buren.—A foreign correspondent of the New York Freeman's Journal says that Martin Van Buren is at Rome, holding conversations upon Catholicism with Cardinal Wiseman, and apparently on the high road to conversion!

If that is not the best joke of the season, we have not seen it. Cold, phlegmatic, over-cautious, non-committal Martin Van Buren, a Catholic convert! He might perhaps *join* the Catholic Church, were he younger and ambitious—but become a Catholic, impossible! It is of the warm and impulsive races that Catholics are made, not of the very coldest extremities of the Saxon.

Childhood.—Childhood is merely a question of time. If I had come into the world twenty years before my father, I might possibly have been his father.

Ah, indeed. And, according to the same mode of arguing, if you had come into existence twenty years before that, you might have been your own great grandfather.

Congressional Documents.—Our thanks are due to Senator Houston, of Texas, for a copy of his speech "in favor of maintaining the public faith with the Indian tribes."

We have also received from Senator Douglass, of Ill., a copy of the Nebraska Bill and accompanying Report.

The Dress Question.—The London Examiner has the following truly sensible article upon the diplomatic costume:

But what, let us ask, is diplomatic costume? It is not necessarily blue, and a blaze of gold embroidery. It varies with the habits of nations and tastes of Courts. The Persian does not appear like a blue bottle fly. The Turk has his peculiar dress; and the American has also his appointed diplomatic costume in a plain black coat. His uniform is the uniform of simplicity. The plainness may be in very bad taste; but if instead of a black coat, it was the pleasure of the American Government that its diplomatic agents should clothe themselves in smock-frocks, it would be incumbent on our court to receive them in that apparel. What right can we have to force the representative of another power into a particular costume, or, in default, to slap the door in his face? The representatives of different States may have different modes of wearing their gold. The monarchical wear it outside, the Republican carries it inside.

The plain black coat is typical of the nation whose resources are not squandered in appearances, but husbanded, so as to make a mighty power in reserve, available whenever occasion may arise.

It is to be regretted that the American Minister did not stand upon his right to admission in the dress diplomatically assigned him by his Government. Upon the Lord Chamberlain would then have been thrown the absurd difficulty of defining what is or what is not a diplomatic dress, and a new boundary question would have arisen in the province of tailoring and embroidery. After all, gold lace is not identical with dignity. A savage chief, who desired to equip himself completely in the English fashion, went to choose a hat, and could not be persuaded that the fittest choice was not the *livery* hat, with the very broadest gold lace band and binding. All others appeared mean and unsuitable to him. There may be the same sort of distinction between the servants of nations in and out of livery as there is between servants of private establishments, and the lace may not always express the highest pretensions and dignity.

To show the absurdity of the ground which various European courts are disposed to take upon this question, one single consideration is sufficient. Should the American Government instruct its representatives abroad, to wear a motley dress—such, for instance, as bright green pantaloons, a blue vest, a crimson coat, a black scarf, a three-storied hat, and rings a foot in diameter in the ears and nose—no objection would be made to it. How, therefore, can any reasonable objection—one that will endure the probings of discussion a moment—be made to a plain and simple costume, such as is usually worn at the President's levees in Washington?

A Paid Fire Department.—We know of no municipal measure to be compared in importance, at the present time, with the establishment of a Paid Fire Department in Philadelphia. We trust that, if the political parties, or either of them, show any design to continue the present irresponsible system, the friends of a Paid Department will take measures to secure the election of men to the new Councils, who are in earnest upon this matter. Which party has the majority in the Councils, is a consideration of very little moment; but it is a matter of great importance that honest and capable men should fill the new chambers, and that they should be friends of a Paid Fire Department. We want a comparatively few well-disciplined men, a number of steam fire-engines, and a telegraphic fire alarm. The old system is, in every respect, behind the age. It must "vamose."

Men and Measures.—Daniel Webster, in one of his notes, speaking of those who decry "men" and exalt "measures," quoted with approbation Canning's remark, that to do this was to say, "*it was the harness, and not the horses, who drew the carriage along.*"

We may add, however, that the horses sometimes would not do much pulling, were it not for the drivers' whip behind them, or an occasional glimpse of oats ahead. Sometimes, too, if they are not guided in the right path by higher intelligences, they pull in the wrong direction. The true motto is, "*measures and men.*" You cannot, as a general rule, get good measures without good men, or good men to support bad measures.

The Foreign News.—The news by the Nashville, which is to the 10th of Feb., is principally a corroboration of the old accounts of extensive preparations for war, mingled with some rather indefinite hopes of peace. A fleet of 36 English and 10 French ships—most of them of the first class—are being assembled to act against St. Petersburg, as soon as the weather will permit. In cotton, prices were firm, but not higher; while in breadstuffs prices were depressed. The funds continued firm. Later news is hourly expected.

Hot Corn.—This corn proves *too* "hot"—and many who have taken it unthinkingly into their mouths, confess that they have been burnt. Rev. H. W. Beecher, among others, retracts a former recommendation. He supposed it to be merely a reprint of the stories which had appeared in a New York paper. He exonerates the author from evil intentions, but earnestly warns all against reading it, because by so doing they must sully the soul's purity.

It now turns out that the Indians have been cheating Col. Gatewood. Instead of eleven millions of acres he thought he had purchased of them, the territory does not exceed six millions.

We do not particularly approve of cheating; but, if either party is to be cheated, do let the "white man" take his turn. It will be better for him, perhaps, when he comes to render up his stewardship.

Letters from Mrs. Denison.—We give the first of the expected series from Mrs. Denison, this week. We think it is beautifully written, and promises finely.

Clippings.

☞ Nobody, they say, is a hero to his valet. Of course; for a man must be a hero to understand a hero. The valet, I dare say, has great respect for some person of his own stamp.—*Goethe.*

☞ Policeman, to a well-dressed and good-looking young lady, waving his hand to stop the 'bus and offering his arm—"Allow me, ma'am, to assist you across."

The same to an old lady not well dressed—"Now, ma'am, now is your time, hurry up your cakes."

☞ Transparent Paper.—Paper can be made as transparent as glass, and capable of being substituted for it for many purposes, by spreading over it with a feather, a very thin layer of resin dissolved in spirits of wine. Fine thin post paper is best, and the mixture must be applied on both sides.

☞ It may be mentioned as a singular fact that the various histories, memoirs and lives of so noted a statesman as Alexander Hamilton, do not give the name of his wife! Even J. C. Hamilton, Esq., of New York, in writing the life of his illustrious father, has omitted to mention the name of his own mother.

☞ A singular marriage took place a few days since in Hightstown, N. J. The bride had five suitors, to each of whom she engaged herself, appointing, with each, the same day for the ceremony. At the time fixed, all the lads were on hand, and the magistrate who was to perform the ceremony was present. The maiden had not made up her mind fully as to who should be made her happy lord when the magistrate requested the couple to stand up. As if driven to desperation, she bounded to her feet, gave one of the "boys" a nudge with her foot, and before the others had recovered from their astonishment, the knot was tied. The others probably had a "happy escape."

☞ A person was once speaking in the presence of Madame Geoffrin, of Abbe Trublet, a man of little talent, but who, by living in the intercourse of Fontenelle and other talented men, had acquired a certain degree of tact and cleverness. "Ah!" said Madame Geoffrin, with her usual *bonhomie*: "he is a fool rubbed over with wit." Of Richelieu and Voisenon, the most corrupt men of the age, she said, "These two men are, after all, only the peelings of great vices."

☞ A correspondent of the Boston Medical and Surgical Journal says he has proved that what is generally called the queen bee of a hive is really a male. His dissections reveal it—his observation of the habits of the male "queen" in question, the fact that he has discovered eggs in the drones, and the fact that when there is likely to be a scarcity of honey, part of the drones are killed off, (if breeders it seems natural) satisfy his mind that the common theory is incorrect. What will the women's rights party say now?

☞ J. B. Gough gets $1,200 a month for lecturing in Great Britain, and it is said the Scotch association he works for makes a good thing out of it.

☞ An interesting story comes from Egypt. Marietta, the Frenchman, has at last succeeded in discovering the long sought for entrance into the Sphynx. The opening leads into beautiful marble rooms, which are supposed to be connected by subterranean passages with similar chambers in the adjacent pyramids. There is but little travelling, so far, this year, in the Land of the Pharaohs.

☞ "Honest industry has brought that man to the scaffold," said a wag, as he saw a carpenter upon the staging.

☞ A Frenchman has invented a kind of paper made from gutta percha, which is considered to be superior to all other kinds for lithographs and engravings.

☞ It is said that Judge Cady, in writing to Mrs. Stanton, the Woman's Rights woman, commenced with—"*My Dear Sir!*" Mrs. S. is a daughter of the Judge.

☞ Two men at work at the suspension bridge over the Niagara River, fell from it recently, and were instantly killed. They fell a distance of two hundred and forty feet to the water. Their names are James Brady and Charles Seargeant.

☞ One who has lived among the Shakers, says "they have all the American fondness for titles." Thus the person who supervised and kept in order the yard, was entitled the "yard deacon;" the gentleman who looked after and fed the hogs, the "hog deacon," &c., &c. And these *dignities* are as highly prized, as colonelcies and captaincies among the "world's people."

☞ The following story is told of a celebrated Maine Law lecturer:—He was asked if he believed our Saviour turned water into wine. He replied, after a moment's reflection, "He did; but he did not think Jesus Christ would have performed that miracle, had he foreseen what a handle would be made of it!"

☞ Mr. James S. Douglass, of the Parish of Caddo, had two teeth extracted a few days ago. The hemorrhage which ensued could not be arrested, until he became so debilitated that he died in forty-eight hours.

☞ While the Tremont House, Boston, was on fire on Tuesday, a member of the House of Representatives, moved an adjournment, to enable such of the members as boarded at the Tremont to "look after their wives, children, *and other baggage.*" The House adjourned.

Our Correspondents

OLD WORLD SKETCHES.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY THE REV. JAMES C. RICHMOND.

My Dear C————:—In my last I alluded to a reception which I lately met in a mountain village, so kind, hearty and hospitable, that I cannot refrain from sharing my pleasure with you, by sending you some account of the circumstances. I do this the more willingly because many events occurred during the delightful excursions of this visit, which will give you a better insight into the summer out-of-door life, and the domestic manners and customs of the German Tyrolese of the better class, as well as of the peasants, who, on one or two festive occasions, shared our happiness. My narrative, too, can be written with the utmost freedom, without infringing the sacred rights of hospitality; for not only will my letters never penetrate into these remote valleys, but they are written in a tongue unknown to my friends. Besides, while I adhere carefully to the facts, I shall throw a veil over the names, which can be of no consequence to you; and thus I shall effectually screen my kind entertainers from a personal recognition, while I can the more unreservedly open before you their way of life, their thoughts, and, I had almost said, their hearts. Gothe has somewhere said, in substance, in his Wilhelm Meister, I believe,—"The world is so empty, when we think of it as containing only mountains, valleys, rivers and cities; but here and there to know some one with whom we live on, though in silence—this it is which makes the world an inhabited garden." This pleasure you and I have often enjoyed; and it was vividly brought to my mind, the other day, when I received at one time from the Post Office in Innsbruck, letters from three quarters of the world—Europe, Asia and America. Just think of an American in Tyrol coming to his room with such a treasure;—letters from Syria, Greece, France, England, Norway, and last, perhaps least, but greatest for me, from my own Rhode Island! Certainly there is something new under the sun—for such an event never before disturbed the sleepy equanimity of a Tyrolese Post Office. But to come to my story:

I crossed the valley, by the bridge at Steg, over the torrent Eisach, and ascended for three hours partly by the paved way that leads like an old Roman road, towards Seiss. As this is an out-of-the-way village, and there is no regular mail, the Kellneima at the little county inn had handed me a letter from the Bishop of Trent to the Priest at Seiss, with a request that I would see it safe to its destination. At the same time that she put her hand into the leathern bag at her side and took out two "*kears*" or good kreutzers, which, she said, would be the postage. Declining the pay, I performed the service, and was pleased with this mark of confidence in an entire stranger. The same friendly and trusting spirit everywhere prevails. As the peasant girls, with their straw hats, passed me, they exclaimed, with smiles and the friendliest expression, "wish you a good appetite!" A sufficient proof that proper attention is here paid to what Dr. Johnson called the important business of eating. After an ascent of two hours I had reached one of those populous and refreshing upper valleys that are found everywhere in Tyrol; but of which the traveller in the deep and often hot ravines below is totally unaware. Here, smiling meadows, dotted over with white houses, and ornamented with frequent church-spires, magnificent green slopes and dark wooded hills on one side, contrasted strongly with the lofty and majestic peaks of the Schlein, which towered above me upon the other. Little mountains of rocks, had broken off from his sides and rolled down into the valley. Still, as if in defiance, the ruins of the old Castle of Salick stood under the frowning peaks—an awe-thrilling situation! He must have had a bold heart and an eagle's eye, the knight who perched his home among those rocks! The declining sun turned the clouds around the summit all into gold!

I found a hearty welcome at the little rural hotel in Seiss, and there I met a painter, who assured me that the miraculous "Mother of God," at Absam, which I described in a former letter, was originally one of a number which had been painted upon glass for the window of a school-house, and the glazier, mending another window in haste, and in the twilight, had inserted this instead of a simple pane, and when morning appeared, the miraculous "Mother of God" was there in autograph. The original, however, is no longer in existence, for through the carelessness of the faithful, in presenting their copper offerings, it has been often broken and repaired by earthly hands. Upon one occasion my informant was sent for in the utmost haste, and finding the priest and the glazier in close consultation, was told of the misfortune which had happened to the miraculous glass, and asked if he would paint another immediately. This he did, for a good price, and with an injunction to secrecy, which, in my case at least, he did not choose to keep. But should he publish his account in the newspapers, the peasants would never know it, or if they read, would never believe it. Their love of the marvellous is too great, and their faith in the picture too deeply seated, to be disturbed by the trifling difference between the miraculous work of the Madonna and the daub of a modern painter. I frequently meet with pilgrims, especially old women, who ask for alms on the ground that they are going to visit the "Mother of God, at Absam;" and I consider it a waste of time to explain the fable, for they turn from me and pursue their way again with the same unshaken faith.

It was noised abroad that a stranger, probably an Englishman, was at the inn, and one or two members of an interesting family being there, the rest soon came in from a neighboring cottage, where they were spending the summer. These were the friends to whom I have alluded. A portion of the evening passed in a free conversation upon the practice of auricular confession, and I must own that the intelligence and freedom with which these educated people expressed themselves, in regard to this fearful and mighty instrument of the Romish Church, amazed me no less than the superstition of the illiterate peasants. Yet they were sincerely devout, and on the following morning, before sunrise, they were all found at matins, in the church. The host, however, who was a simple-minded peasant, listened to the conversation with the deepest attention, but without taking any part in it, till all at once he surprised us by a sudden outburst, in his Tyrolese dialect—"Ich gitre nl mihr brichtin"—"I shall go to confession no more!"—a declaration which he could not realize in Tyrol, for he would be denied all Christian rites by the priests, and persecuted, if not actually driven from the country. It is well known that a number of the inhabitants of Tillerthal had been converted from Romanism by the perusal of the Scriptures, which they had either procured in their travels abroad, or which had otherwise been circulated in the valley. They were laid under an interdict by the priests, and were compelled for many years, to live without the sacraments, and even the rites of marriage and burial were denied them. At length, in 1837, the Landtag or Congress of Tyrol, passed a law which compelled nearly five hundred of these poor people to sell their little all, and quit their country and homes forever! This was done in our time! The King of Prussia provided them a place in Silesia.

Do not imagine, however, that the people consider themselves as living under a tyranny. Quite the reverse; and there are actually few outward signs of any oppression of the masses. They are even freer in Tyrol than in other parts of German Austria. The conversation of the intelligent is very often directed, as it was this evening, to the oppression of Ireland and negro slavery in America. And all this with the utmost good faith! I never hear them speak of any oppression at home. On the contrary, the young Emperor is very popular, and the people devotedly loyal. They love to praise him, and to tell you how at two or three-and-twenty he can speak all the ten widely different languages of his empire; some derived from the Latin, some from the Teutonic, some from the Slavic, and one at least, the Magyar of Hungary, from an Oriental stock. I translate you the following from a recent Tyrolese newspaper.

"The Emperor considers his personal industry an integral part of the labor which belongs to the Head of the State, and to this his Apostolic Majesty devotes himself with unparalleled assiduity. Here is a monarch who verifies the generous expression of Frederick the Great—'The Sovereign is the first functionary of the State.' If there be a monarch who literally fulfils this magnanimous declaration, it is certainly Francis Joseph. Should you visit every part of this vast empire, you would not find a public officer, though fulfilling his duties with the most loyal zeal, who would not confess that he remains behind his Sovereign. And the labor of our Cæsar is by no means to be compared to the narrow sphere of the employé, &c; who does not see then that our Emperor is the first patriot of Austria?"

The evening glided quickly away. At its close my new friends invited me to join them in an excursion on the following day to Castelrutt, a village which is supposed to occupy the site of an ancient Roman station. The name certainly reminds one of Castellum Rhætiorum, and is, at least, as near the original Latin as the Romansch which is spoken in a neighboring valley. During the whole of our walk the weather was delightfully cool, and we all confessed the difference between the summer below and in the valleys of these "middle mountains;" for the whole land rises in terraces to the base of the loftiest peaks, which like the Schlern are sometimes almost perpendicular. The children, a fine boy and little girl with an Italian face of Grecian regularity, the "house-teacher," and the ladies of the family, formed our party. The father did not join us; for he declared that a storm was brewing. He was right. It had nearly overtaken us as we sat in the shade, quietly pursuing a philosophical dispute, which it seems had been for some days the standing topic. When I was appealed to, I pointed to the clouds, rolling down from the hills, and suggested the propriety of settling the question under a better shelter than the trees afforded. We reached the inn at Castelrutt just in time to witness one of the grandest thunder-storms that I ever saw among the mountains. Heavy black masses of clouds now covered the sky, and appeared to rest on the hills. Suddenly they were rent by vivid flashes, while the "live thunder" seemed to leap from the inmost recesses of the mountains. To me the whole was rendered much more impressive by a custom which I have never witnessed elsewhere. As soon as the first drop of rain falls, accompanied with thunder, the bell of the village church calls the priest and the people to the sacred edifice, where parts of the four gospels are read, and a service performed, called the *Wetter-Legen*, or the Storm-blessing; and the people, who have a superstitious dread of thunder, hasten to the church through torrents of rain, and strive by their prayers to avert the impending danger. In the evening we returned to Seiss. Yours, &c., RICHMOND.

General News.

The Gardiner Case—Tragic Termination.—Our readers have been apprised of the progress of the case of Dr. Gardiner, on trial for defrauding the U. S. Government of a large sum of money, on pretended claims for damages incurred in the Mexican war. This was the second trial, and it has occupied about three months. It terminated in a verdict of guilty, and he was sentenced to ten years' imprisonment in the Penitentiary. A few hours after the sentence, he was found dead in his room, supposed to have poisoned himself. This is a tragic termination of one of the most stupendous and successful frauds ever perpetrated in this country, involving an amount of perjury and of forgery positively amazing. Gardiner is represented to have been a dentist in Mexico, with scarcely any means than those arising from the practice of his profession. Yet he swore and produced papers and witnesses in abundance to prove that a large and thriving business in silver-mining in Mexico, in which he was engaged, was broken up by the war, and the mines which he owned were rendered worthless. In adjudicating the damages after the war, he got a large sum of money—a half million, if we remember rightly—from the Government, as compensation. The fraud so successfully perpetrated did not go undetected. The very success of his villany made him incautious and boasting. The Government received intimations from reliable sources, that all was not right, instituted an examination, held him for trial, and sent out two different Commissions to Mexico to investigate the matter. Neither was ever able to find the mines referred to, or their localities. Yet, with detection staring him in the face, he still loudly defied investigation, assumed the airs of innocence, and resorted to his old practices to defeat justice. The proof was too conclusive, however, and he was convicted. A felon's doom as the termination of such magnificent and successful swindling was more than his courage and audacity could submit to, and he has completed his wretched career by suicide.

On entering his cell, after returning from the Court, Dr. Gardiner was noticed to take a swallow of water, throwing his head back, and it is supposed he took a strichnine pill. He was seized with convulsions almost immediately. After giving a letter to his brother, Dr. Charles Gardiner, he remarked that he was going before a Judge who would not pronounce him guilty. He expired in great agony. His corpse remains in jail. He was 36 years of age, and had the education and manners of a gentleman. He was engaged to be married to a lady in Georgetown. It is not known for whom the letter was intended.

The bill of exceptions, presented by his counsel, contained twenty-nine counts, and it is the general opinion that the Circuit Court would have granted a new trial.

Pretty Good.—Dr. Rice, of St. Louis, the distinguished Presbyterian divine, has been challenged by a company of transcendental spiritualists, of that city, to a public debate on the merits of their pretensions, as compared with the claims of Christianity. He declined, on the ground that they had no settled principle among themselves, and with other reasons gave the following:—"I am not sure that I should have *fair play* in such a discussion. I am informed that our spiritual lecturers are generally *mediums*, and often speak as they are *impressed* by the spirit. Whilst I might suppose myself contending with Mr. F————, then, I might really be encountering Thos. Jefferson or Benj. Franklin, or Lord Bacon. Now, I should hesitate to meet such men in debate, even when they are in this lower sphere. I cannot, therefore, run the hazard of meeting them after they have been so long in a higher sphere—especially without previous notice."

India Let Out to Farm.—"An Old Dealer in Paper" publishes a letter in the London Times, in which he offers to supply the East India Company with stationary as a free gift, if they will give him the amount saved by the extinction of the three stationary establishments at the three Presidencies, which, he says, owing to mismanagement and swindling, are now productive of £20,000 loss annually. The writer has a friend "in the drug and chemical line," who is willing to make a similar offer for the supply of medical stores; and, in fact, he says, "a party of us have been thinking of offering to farm India altogether at a rent of £40,000,000 sterling annually,—the total nett revenue at present received from it being under £20,000,000—giving a guarantee for the extinction of famines in ten years' time, and the completion of five hundred miles of railway and half as much of canals annually, with a proportion of common thoroughfares, for the next twenty years."

Interesting to Landlords and Tenants.—A somewhat novel point on the law of landlord and tenant, was decided, a few days since, by Justice McCarty, in the Marine Court. A lease had been taken by the tenant for a series of years, in satisfaction of which it was agreed he should give his notes at the close of each quarter, payable in ninety days thereafter. Such notes were regularly given, but in default of the prompt payment of one of them, the landlord brought his action of ejectment, on the plea of non-compliance with the terms of the lease. This was overruled by the court. An agreement to revive the negotiable notes of defendant at the close of each quarter, in lieu of money, stands good to the end of the lease, notwithstanding such notes may not be paid.

Liability of Individual Bankers.—It has been decided recently in the Supreme Court in the State of New York, that an individual establishing a bank, is liable, in case of failure, to the extent of all his private property, &c., as in the case of a common debt. It has heretofore been the impression that when what is commonly known as a Circulating Bank fails, the holders of the notes can only look to the securities deposited with the Comptroller for the redemption of the notes, and if, on exhausting the same, they should be found insufficient for the final redemption of the whole issue, the holders are the losers. This decision, however, rules it otherwise. In the case of Associated Banks, the rule as formerly understood applies.

Liquor Destroyed by a Mob.—On Monday week, Mr. Jeremiah McLaughlin, while under the influence of liquor fell from the steps of Watson's Hotel, at New Lisbon, O., and was instantly killed. This so excited his acquaintances, that they attacked the grocery where he was made drunk, and destroyed all the liquor in it. Several other groceries were visited and treated in the same way.

NEWS ITEMS.

The Detroit Tribune states that nearly eighteen thousand pounds of game from the western prairies passed over the Central and Great Western Railway on the 20th ult., for the eastern markets.

A politician, from a rural region, being told in Washington, last week, that "caucuses" had declined, asked to know which caucus, for he might like the office.

The Rule of Three.—Some one says, "There are exceptions to every rule but the rule of three; that is never changed. As your income is to your expenditure, so will the amount of your debts be to your cash on hand, and consequent ability to meet them."

Rather Curious.—A colored woman, who has been in the Maryland penitentiary five years, had a few days ago a bouncing baby. The doctors have had the subject under advisement, and recommended the youngster to executive clemency!

Lent, which commenced on Wednesday week, is an old Saxon word, signifying Spring. The *Lenten Fast* means, therefore, the *Spring Fast*. The first day of Lent is called *Ash Wednesday*, from a custom in the ancient church of fasting in sackcloth with ashes upon the head, in token of penitence and humiliation.

Singular Stock.—Robert Scott, Esq., of Woodford county, Ky., who owns one of the splendid farms of that region, has a large pond of water on his domain, by which he has half domesticated a flock of wild geese. He first procured eleven and cropped their wings, which reclaimed them for a season. They migrate northward in the spring, and return in the fall with their full fledged young. The flock now numbers two hundred and eighty, and it increases annually.—*Louisville Democrat.*

Underground Telegraph.—During the cold weather experienced in Paris in the latter part of December and in the beginning of the present year, the electro-magnetic telegraphs were much interrupted from snow and ice, while the submarine telegraph rendered uninterrupted service. To avoid these difficulties, the administration have determined to place the wires between Paris and London under ground. The submarine line continues to work well.

The story of the recent burning of a negro in the state of Mississippi, turns out to be erroneous. We thought it was an old story, that had got again into the papers, and therefore did not publish it.

An English Judge has lately decided that a man on discharging a servant, has no more right to search her boxes, than she has to ransack his desk.

Otto Goldschmidt has written to London that Jenny Lind has been compelled, by recent occurrences, to abandon her intention of giving a series of concerts in England.

The number of blind persons in Japan is said to be enormous. In Jeddo, the capital, alone, 36,000 is the computation. There are more blind people in America than in Europe. In Egypt, there is one blind person to every hundred. In Great Britain there are twenty-five thousand.

Land Warrants Stolen.—The General Land Office gives notice that seventy-nine military land warrants were stolen from the Land Office, in Iowa City. The names of the warrantees and locators are published in the Washington Intelligencer of Monday week.

The trial of J. L. Fish, who, it will be remembered, shot a German boy last summer, while stealing apples from his orchard in Ohio City, has just been concluded at Cleveland. The jury brought in a verdict of "guilty of manslaughter," with a strong recommendation to the mercy of the Court.

A Profitable Business.—A beggar boy in Cincinnati was searched a few days since, and in his pocket was found between $17 and $18 in dimes, half dimes and coppers—all of which he had collected by begging in the course of the day.

Dr. B. D. Carpenter relates, in the Medical Times, two cases of tetanus successfully treated by the application of ice to the head and the whole length of the spine.

The Roman Catholics of Boston contemplate the erection of a Cathedral in the south part of that city, which shall outdo in dimensions, costliness and splendor, all that this country has ever seen in the way of architectural splendor.

Rev. John B. Meechum, colored, pastor of the First African Church, in St. Louis, fell dead in the pulpit, on Sunday, the 20th ultimo, while reading his text. His disease was an affection of the heart. He was formerly a slave in Virginia, but was set free, and went to St. Louis, where, at one time, he was at the head of a large coopering establishment, and next an extensive dealer in real estate, and owner of a large amount of steamboat stock. But for reverses of fortune, it is supposed he would have left his family three or four hundred thousand dollars. As it is, he leaves them a comfortable fortune.

According to the Census of 1850, the slave population of Kentucky amounted to 210,981. By a recent State Census it appears that the slaves now number less than 200,000, giving a decrease of about 11,000 within the last four years. The above figures indicate a large slave emigration from the State.

In Connecticut physicians who become Homœopathists are expelled from the Medical Society; in Massachusetts, however, this fact in respect to medical practice does not affect a physician's good standing. In Great Britain, also, there is much more liberality in this matter than formerly, some high places in the profession being occupied by Homœopathists, as, for instance, the Chair of Practical Medicine in the University of Edinburgh, by Dr. Henderson.

Bayard Taylor invariably receives $50 for the delivery of his lectures on the Arabs, and has already cleared $8,000 on his Japan and China lectures.

Jenny Lind, it is said, has suddenly changed her mind, and will not come to sing in London, as has been announced.

Important Discovery.—The Charleston (S. C.) Standard says:—"A friend from Florida assures us that he has discovered a small guano island upon the Western coast of Florida."

The "Medical Times and Gazette" mentions a case in which delirium appeared to have been induced by forced abstinence from tobacco, and was relieved by its re-employment. Another similar instance was that of a man whose skull had been trephined on account of fracture, and who subsequently became raving, but, being allowed to smoke, was soon relieved, and rapidly recovered.

POSTSCRIPT.

Foreign News.—By the Atlantic we have four days later news, being to 22nd ult.

The larger part of the allied fleets have been ordered to remain in the Bosphorus.

No further operations are reported on the Danube.

Kalafat is garrisoned by 30,000 troops.

General Auress, who commanded the Russians at Citale, has been disgraced and sent to Caucasus.

The British steamer Heidee, with some Turkish troops on board went ashore near Sebastopol and was seized by the Russians.

Russia was still endeavoring to impress the Holy character of the war on the soldiers. They are told that they are on their way to rescue Christ's Sepulchre from the Infidels.

From Asia we learn that the Russians have been again repulsed before Shefkatil, with a loss of 2,000 men.

The preparations for war in England and France continue with the greatest activity. The troops are embarking at all points.

The war is becoming highly popular, and recruits are abundant, especially from Ireland.

The first detachment of the Baltic fleet was already at Spithead.

In the House of Commons on Thursday, D'Israeli asked if Napoleon's letter to the Czar was authentic? Lord John Russel replied affirmatively, and added that the British Government hold themselves responsible for its sentiments.

Eighty thousand men, composing the flower of the French army, are ready to embark simultaneously with the British troops.

Austria is making great preparations for war, and her conduct excites suspicions of her fidelity to the allied cause.

The Czar's letter in answer to that of the Emperor of France was received at Paris on the 18th, from St. Petersburg. Nicholas does not accept the proposal for the arrangement of the difficulties presented to him. The *Moniteur* says this reply leaves no chance of a pacific solution.

The French troops are embarking from Africa for Turkey.

It was reported that when the French and English troops arrived at Constantinople, a measure would be proposed by the Sultan to the Divan, to give Christians and Moslems equal civil rights.

Joseph Sturge and his Peace Deputation, from the English Quakers, was still at St. Petersburg at the last accounts, and had not seen the Czar.

Queen Victoria and the Lord Chamberlain have notified Mr. Buchanan that he may appear in Court in any costume he chooses.

Three thousand British troops embarked from Liverpool on Wednesday, for Turkey.

The Greek insurrection in Turkey has gained a formidable head. Six thousand Greeks were in arms in Macedonia and Thessaly.

Telegraphic accounts state that the Russians were bombarding Rutschuck on the Danube, opposite Giurgevo.

An improbable rumor was current that the Russians had captured seven Turkish ships of war.

The utmost enthusiasm exists in England in favor of the war.

It was reported that in the event that Austria does not now immediately declare herself unequivocally, France would send an army of 100,000 men on the Italian frontier, and the same number on the Rhenish frontier.

The cotton market is flat, and prices are one-sixteenth lower.

Messrs. Brown & Shipley quote the following as extreme rates; Fair Orleans, 6½d.; Middling, 6d.; Fair Uplands, 6¼d.; Middlings, 5¾d.

Breadstuffs.—Messrs. Brown & Shipley quote Breadstuffs as continuing to rise. Wheat had advanced 2d. and Flour 6d. In corn there is more doing at former quotations. The current rates are for Western Canal, 41s. 6d.; Philadelphia, Baltimore and Ohio brands, 41s. 6d. a 42s.

Wheat.—White, 12s a 12s. 8d.; Red, 11s a 11s. 2d. Corn.—White Corn, 48s.; Yellow, 47s a 47s. 6d.

Provisions.—Messrs. McHenry's Circular quotes Bacon about equal in demand and supply. Very moderate transactions in Beef and Pork.

London Money Market.—The English Funds are languid, without any actual depression. Consols close this morning, for account, at 90½ a 90⅝, and for money at 90¼ a 90⅜.

The above markets are all dated Feb. 18th, but we suppose they should be the 22nd.

☞ Mr. Clayton, of Del., asked leave of the Senate to record his vote *against* the Nebraska Bill, the day after its passage.

Judge Edmonds is now engaged lecturing at the West on Spiritualism. He has delivered three lectures at St. Louis, and has appointments for nearly a month ahead.

Theft Extraordinary.—A cool thief, named Idas Marie Connell, went into the cigar shop of Mrs. Tyrrell, in the Haymarket, London, a few nights ago, and, finding the lady asleep in the back parlor, quietly took the ear-rings from her ears. She was awoke by the strange tickling, on which the delinquent ran off, but was secured and committed for trial. He had deceived the female Cerberus in the front shop by saying, with a foreign accent, "Me medical man; me want to doctor the lady in the parlor."

The Attorney General of Wisconsin has given as his opinion that murder is a bailable offence in that State.

Change of Gauge Overcome.—By a new arrangement of car wheels, they can be accommodated to railroads of different gauges. The Cleveland Herald mentions the arrival in that city of a train of 11 cars, freighted with hogs, which were loaded at Indianapolis, and transported in the same cars from Indianapolis, and 56 miles over the 4 feet 8½ inch gauge, to Muncie, and thence 227 miles over a 4 feet and 10 inch gauge to Cleveland.

Railroads in Great Britain.—From documents recently published in England, it appears that the gross receipts from travel and freights on the railroads of the United Kingdom during the past year, amounted to 77,900,230 pounds sterling. These railroads cost upwards of 263,000,000, and altogether pay less than three per cent. dividend to the stockholders.

The railroad charters granted by the Legislature of Texas prior to Jan. 4, 1854, says the New Orleans Picayune, are twenty-three in number, authorizing roads with an aggregate length of 7,339 miles, exclusive of branches, and most of them have the unlimited power of branching. Under the general law, twenty-two of these roads are entitled to grants of eight sections of land for every mile of the road, and the Pacific Railroad to twenty sections per mile. The whole amount of land called for by these charters, exclusive of branches, is 66,600 sections, or 42,624,000 acres!

A very remarkable discovery was announced to the Academy of Science at Paris, by M. Dumas, in its last sitting. He stated that M. Saint Clair Deville had succeeded in obtaining from clay a metal as white and brilliant as silver, as malleable as gold, and as light as glass. It is fusible at a moderate temperature. Air and damp do not affect this metal, which is called aluminium; it retains its brilliancy, and is not affected by nitric or sulphuric acid, either strong or diluted, if the temperature be not raised. It is only dissolved by very hot chlorhydric acid.

The American Minister.—In the House of Commons on the 10th, Lord John Russell stated in answer to Mr. Roebuck, "that the cards sent by the Chamberlain for the admission of the American Minister to the opening of Parliament by the Queen, were the same as those sent to other diplomatic representatives; and *he did not think* any difficulty was likely to arise out of the question as to the dress in which the American Minister was to appear on state occasions!"

Emancipation of Slaves.—In the Court of Common Pleas, on Monday, Mr. Charles E. Stewart, of Woodville, Miss., appeared and presented for record deeds of emancipation for three slaves who were with him. One of them was so fair complexioned and well dressed that he might readily have been taken for a master instead of a slave. The deeds were ordered to be recorded by Judge Carter.—*Cincinnati Gazette.*

The New York Sun says that on Monday week the Herald and Tribune showed to Postmaster Fowler their aggregate city circulation, under oath, when the Tribune beat the Herald more than two to one!

An instrument for curing deafness is advertised in New York City. It is called the Organic Vibrator. The Scientific American thinks it will answer a good purpose, when deafness is caused from the closing of the "meatus auditorius" or orifice of the ear.

To detect cotton in woollen or silk goods, draw out a thread and put it between the teeth, by which the material is easily detected; silk, wool, and cotton, each has its own peculiar feeling to the teeth, which, with very little practice, can readily be detected by any one, not only without expense but without attracting particular attention.

A few weeks since the retail price of flour in New York was $12.50 per barrel. From extensive inquiry among dealers in New York, the estimate of a diminution of forty per cent. in the city consumption of wheat flour has been ascertained as a consequence of that high price, the other grains and flours being substituted. This important element in operation upon the value of wheat held for speculation ought to be constantly borne in mind by holders. No matter how great soever may be the deficiency of wheat in Europe and England, its price will not bear forcing, because other food is at command. And the high prices which have prevailed have caused so great an extension of the breadth of land put in wheat, that the invariable sequence of famine prices, viz: unusually low rates may be apprehended.

English Geography.—The Illustrated London News, speaking of the Nebraska Territory, says it is a tract of several millions of acres, lately purchased by the Americans from the King of Mosquito.

Telegraphic Communication with Cuba.—The surveying party of the Crawford, which left Norfolk last week for Florida, will, by direction of Professor Bache, run a line of Deep Sea soundings from Key West to Havana, with the view of ultimately carrying the telegraphic wires across to the Island of Cuba.

Two men, named Thos. Anderson and John Key, have been arrested at Hagerstown, Md., charged with being concerned in the recent burglary at Mr. Wright's house, in Philadelphia. They are recognised as answering the description of the burglars, and one is severely wounded in the leg. They have been committed to await a requisition from the Governor of Pennsylvania.

A Singular Case.—A year ago, while the snow was yet upon the ground, a man, woman and child, were begging food from door to door in this city. They were miserable in appearance. One morning the woman made a call at a door for relief, but before food could be brought to her she fell and expired! It had been observed by some few persons, that she as well as her husband was intelligent though miserable and bloated. Upon her person was found no clothing but the one outside garment. The man was questioned, and it was ascertained that he had been in England an Episcopal minister. They were between thirty and forty years of age. She was buried, and he was conveyed to the Alms-house, where he died in a few days. Their poor little daughter, five years old, had shared their misery. She was found, and placed in the Washington Orphan Asylum, where she now is, a pretty and most interesting child. Upon such information as we can obtain [illegible]

A Foreign Minister Should Know [illegible]

THE STOCK MARKET.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST BY ROSS, CAMBLOS & CO. STOCK AND EXCHANGE BROKERS.

[illegible]

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA:

SATURDAY, MARCH 11, 1854.

Congressional News

THIRTY-THIRD CONGRESS.

FIRST SESSION.

SENATE.

On the 27th, Mr. Seward and Mr. Sumner presented numerous petitions against the Nebraska Bill.

Mr. Everett presented the memorial of one hundred and fifty clergymen, of Worcester, Massachusetts, against the Nebraska Bill.

Similar petitions were also presented by Mr. Smith, from Connecticut; by Mr. Fish, from New York; by Mr. Wade, from Ohio; by Mr. Thompson, from New Jersey; by Mr. Brodhead, from Pennsylvania; and by Mr. Chase, from Ohio, New York, Illinois and Pennsylvania.

Mr. Chase also presented petitions from New York and Ohio, for the repeal of the Fugitive Slave Act, the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia, and the repeal of all the laws for taking slaves in payment of debts due the United States. All were laid on the table.

The bill granting land to Louisiana, Iowa, Alabama, California, Florida, Arkansas, and Mississippi, for certain railroads therein, was taken up and passed.

Mr. Chase informally presented an amendment to the Nebraska Bill, which was ordered to be printed, providing for the election of a Governor, Judges, and Secretary, as well as members of the territorial legislature.

The Nebraska Bill was taken up.

Mr. Cass said he preferred the bill as originally reported, without a repeal of the Missouri Compromise in its present shape. He did not wish to disturb that settlement of the question of slavery unnecessarily, particularly as the Southern Senators had all avowed that it was only an abstraction, and that the South had no hope of slavery extending to the territories. ...

...

... lar, as the planters of Jamaica are always clamoring for laborers. The point of difference, however, seems to be the compensation.

BOARD OF HEALTH.—The number of deaths during the past week in this city was 178—Adults 75 and children 103.

☞ BANK NOTE LIST same as last week.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

MAY be obtained weekly at the Periodical Depots

Of DEXTER & BROTHER, *Nos. 14 and 16 Ann St., N. Y.*

Of HOTCHKISS & Co., *Boston, Mass.*

Of MILTON BOULLEMET, *Mobile, Ala.*

Of J. C. MORGAN, *New Orleans, La.*

Of W. & H. TAYLOR, *Baltimore, Md.*

Of F. HAGAN & Co., *Nashville, Tenn.*

Of S. W. PEASE, *28 West Sixth St., and 20 East Fourth St., Cincinnati, Ohio.*

Subscriptions will be received at either of the above mentioned Depots. But the proprietors of the Post hold themselves responsible only for money received directly by themselves, or through their authorized travelling agents.

The Markets.

PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

PHILADELPHIA, March 4, 1854.

REMARKS—The weather has been unfavorable during the past week for out-of-door operations, and has prevented the landing of a number of cargoes. Cotton has been in rather better request, and prices are firmer. Breadstuffs have been dull under the late foreign advices, and prices of all descriptions are lower. Coffee, Sugar and Molasses have been in moderate request at full rates. The Iron market is firm. Provisions are coming forward more freely, but prices remain without change, except for Lard, which is a shade lower. Rice has declined. Cloverseed is also lower. In Naval Stores and Oils no change. Tobacco and Wool are very quiet. The Canals will all be opened during the coming week, and supplies of Produce will be coming forward more freely.

Imports at Philadelphia for the month of February, 1854, Foreign and Coastwise:

	Foreign.	Coastwise.	Total.
Salt, bushels	10,038		10,038
Do sacks	1,235		1,235
Sugar, hhds	1,294	2,159	3,453
Do boxes	1,081		1,081
Do bbls	9	3	12
Do bags	5,700		5,700
Hides, No	13,563	1,900	15,463
Do bales		108	108
Logwood, lbs	850,000	20,000	870,000
Cocoa, bags	400		400
Coffee, bags	3,451		3,451
Molasses, hhds	909		909
Do bbls		2,158	2,158

...

Deaths.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On first-day, 2d mo. 19th, 1854, JOHN WILLITS, eldest son of Samuel H. and Jane F. Cawley, at the parents residence, near Jersey city, recently of Philadelphia.

On the 1st instant, MARGARET J. STEWART, aged 7 months.

On the 27th ult. Mrs. SOPHIA HARRISON, aged 49.

On the 27th ult. MARGARET, wife of David McCristal.

On the 28th ult. ISAAC BLATTENBERGER, aged 49.

On the 1st instant, SARAH McCONNELL, aged 8 months.

On the 1st inst. JOHN G. BACON, aged 18 years.

On the 1st inst. EDWARD, son of Edward and Sophia Williams, aged 6 years.

On the 25th ult. Mrs. CATHARINE LAMPLEY, aged 88 years.

On the 26th ult. CHARLES, son of the late Captain Jos. Collison.

On the 26th ult. JAMES G. son of George W. and Elizabeth L. King, aged 2 years and 5 months.

On the 27th ult. GEORGE THOMAS, aged 52 years.

On the 28th ult. AMANDA E. wife of W. F. Mitchell, aged 26 years.

On the 27th ult. CHARLES A. P. COOK, aged 19 years and 11 months.

On the 28th ult. Mrs. MARGARET GOULD, aged 26.

On the 28th ult. BOYD C. BEEBE, aged 47 years.

On the 28th ult. AMELIA H. wife of C. L. Rademacher, aged 26 years.

On the 27th ult. Mr. PETER DUBOSQ, aged 77.

On the 28th ult. Mr. EDWIN H. WHITRIGHT, aged 21 years.

On the 1st inst. GEORGE W. son of Edw. L. and Tacy G. Royal, aged 11 months.

On the 1st inst. WILLIAM WESLEY, son of C. S. and Lavinia M. A. Chapman, aged 1 year.

On the 27th ult. MARY ELIZABETH, widow of the late Jacob Diehl, aged 52 years.

On the 26th ult. SIDNEY SMITH, aged 85 years.

On the 27th ult. JAMES BRADY, aged 76 years.

On the 27th ult. Mrs. ELLEN ROACH, aged 35.

On the 27th ultimo, SAVANNAH ROBERTS, aged 13 months.

On the 25th ult. SALLY JANE, wife of Wm. B. Howell, aged 31 years.

On the 25th ult. Mrs. BRIDGET BRADLEY, aged 66.

On the 25th ult. Mrs. FRANCES GINTHER, aged 37.

On the 26th ult. JOHN MOLONY, aged 31 years.

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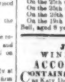

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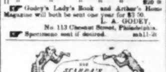

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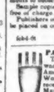

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Selected Poetry.

AN ANGEL IN THE WAY.

Fair the downward path is spread,
Love and Light the coming greet,
Fragile blessing ever by hand,
Flowers are growing 'neath thy feet,
Mirth and fun, with melodies blend,
Were time on, a waiting pray!
Yet no human Heaven-sent sounds
An angel in the way.

Heed the heavenly warning, know
Forever dooms thy life may be;
Focus that time be passed gone,
Turn to notice on the tip.
Though that join be wild and free,
Though the paths be pleasant, stay
Since eternal eye can see
An angel in the way.

Will thou drown in worldly pleasure
Conscience, love, the cry of God,
Laugh at days and close of measure,
Of death, grave, answer and gold?
Life and limb shall sickness waste,
Must shall grind dust day by day
Still to wise thee, God hath placed
An angel in the way.

Trusting all on things that perish,
Shall a keepless faith be thine?
Rashly slay with them eternal?
How lastless an earthly shrine!
Most subside to mortal love,
Closing her a child of clay,
Death shall come thy path, and prove
An angel in the way.

Then the prophet thought to win,
Tempted by his heathen guide,
Want a promise from his sin.
Prophet-like would him have lied,
Even the brute the angel controlled,
Found a human voice, to say,
"Master, man, we not to curse,
An angel in the way!"

So, when Time no lone her stave,
When him shrew the silence reach,
Spirit-hands are stretched to serve,
Angels minister work him back!
Heart of Man! to evil prone,
Who may say what angel will
Saw thee lonely down, and own
An angel in the way

Selected Articles.

FEMALE BEAUTY IS OLD ENGLAND AND NEW ENGLAND.

FROM CHAMBERS'S EDINBURGH JOURNAL.

It is generally allowed that there is more or what is called unfinished beauty among the women in Europe—that the features of the women are finer, and the head more classical. But here ends the catalogue of our advantages. In point of their busts are far inferior to those we admire at home, and a certain animation in the whole figure gives the idea of fragility and decay.

And this idea is correct. What they want in elasticity of step, and in carriage and management of the waist, their finely cut faces, taken generally, are pale instead of fair, and sallow when they should be ruddy. In this country, a woman is in the prime of her attractions at thirty-five, and she frequently continues them until she is fifty, or also declines gradually and gracefully, like a beautiful day melting into a lovely even, ing. In America, twenty-five is the harvest line of luxury in woman, beyond which comes decay—a dreary fire she looks upon and shuns, her flat chest symbolizing the collapsed heart within; and at forty, you see in her thin and haggard lineaments the frightful ravages of time.

It is customary to regard this as the effect of climate; but some think it folly to go to an ultimate cause, when the whole system of artificial life in America offers more than enough to account for the known hygienic laws. This view is supported with great force and truth in a woman's journal in Providence, Rhode Island, called Una—not a lady's magazine, fair reader, but a regular-bred sheet, written for and by women, whose leading articles are on women's rights, and whose advertisements are from women-doctors, women preachers, women-lecturers, women surgeons. Una exhibits the feeling character of her conductresses and contributors more especially. Old England and New England, gratifying fearfully the pas in beauty to the former. She hates, we must say, at some very problematical causes of the early loss of female charms and fascination—such as, "the hastening of life's horizon by the petty cares that wear on mind, drink, and raiment, the absence of genial and improving intercourse, and of earnest interest in the hopes and fortunes of others." She believes that the most little aspirations on which, for lack of better objects, so many a soul is torn to waste its energies." All this is very well for the philosophic Una, who pays her taxes under protest, since she had no vote in legislation; and Una's implied notion, that our pretty countrywomen have no petty cares connected with their toilet, is a little extreme and little generous. But plenty of earnest interest in the destinies of the race—of many-thousanded, rather than of a little, however, about those grievances, which, we fear, are not wholly unknown to our English beauties, and to the causes. They are varied with prosperous, made potted for proud, and endless varieties of ease, and the inevitable pin. Poetry, which most children in England are not allowed to look upon but they get vivid long trocks or tailed coats on, is here the every day food of young and old. Salt pork is cheap —that is, grease fulness—and is used to an account on the appetite than any other meat, and as it forms the pastry of a vast number of all tables, except those who live within hail of a butcher, and whose owners are well to do in the world. Tea in the grand potatoes, and the fatigue, low spirits, stagnant, coldness pains in the head and in the back, and, in short, nearly all the ills that flesh is heir to, the quantity taken by middle-aged and elderly women almost surpasses belief. Certainly not the less average at six or eight cups a day would be settling it her enough.

What more human beauty could stand these horrors? Fancy Miss Angelina, dressed to her first ball, and sitting down before the glass in both conquering and to conquer, to keep up the stamina with just a little stock of the pork and gooseberry jam, and pumpkin-pie! Is it any wonder that this young lady should wither at twenty-five? Let her just try the effect of Miss Colbert was delighted with the fondness of the American for "extreme neatness," and on his return to this country, did everything in his power to have the grease dish upon the English palate, affirming that a dislike to fat pork was a decided symptom of insanity. We may almost, likewise, to the important part played by lodgings in the formation of the female character. Thousand and one kinds of paste and pomatum for the skin and hair are all of the melancholy, only differing a little in the color and perfume; and in nineteen cases out of twenty, huge lack is huge grease. Why should it, we cannot say, prove beauty when absorbed by the skin, and destroy it when taken into the mouth; but that is a question we leave to be settled between Una and the chemists.

Another cause of the unhappy condition of female beauty in America is stated by the same spoken: Una: How do dressers do it? Ans. This is dreadful. Not one woman in ten, she asserts, permits cold water to touch her whole person every day, and not one in ten washes all the same addition once a week: while, if the truth could at once be realized of the secret hiding-place, it would show still longer interval. Even the hair thought of which imagination cannot shrink. We do not know what is the case in this respect as regards the majority of our own countrywomen; and, to say the truth, we are afraid to ask.

The walls of Una hain't quite the thing according accumulation. "Dressers do it," says Una, "in England," she tells us, "sleep is slightly encouraged coffee," and, in our opinion, a capital plan it is, for it the bowels operation were done with the rest, the people might as well be in their graves at once. Those coffee are called bedrooms, for no other reason than that they are large enough to hold a bed, a light-stand, and a washstand; and they are often rendered redolent of sweetness by thickets of weeds, particularly dreamy and portentous beasts on the walls. This is no fabled a sketch of the bedrooms of the middle-class Londoners, that one might fancy Una to be speaking of the Old Bailey, on the wrong side of the question. Let us hear that the dear American are "provided in the parlours of the adjoining kitchen, and the dead, dry heat of its cat lost alive. Here [so, one, and the baby," and her dress is heard "rustle-loud," seethe and smother through the warm night, and it there-after admirably for facing the sweetener in the morning. Here, when one of the family is sick, he is pretty sure to die; because a letter almost inevitably takes the typhoid form from the foul atmosphere around, and the nurse sympathizing of health are sent suggesting leads to the bedroom and lungs."

Up to this point, Una makes out no case specially against her countrywomen; and if the argument ended here, we should have to bring in Nature, guilty of what is had in the charge of the American women. But now, at the very high-road of the discourse, comes the whole gist of the matter, and we see why it is that English women are superior to freshness of looks, and in their possession of beauty, not only in their transitionic stature, but to the women of most of the countries of Europe. "All day long in winter," says Una, "the stove-heat burns into the brain, and withers the cheeks, and palsies the muscles, and enfeebles the step; and though summer comes with its cooler air and its fields and flowers, the inside is so adapted to remain one night the fit, and the year's circle rotted, the weary, aimless, soul-consuming years, and the dull, dead, and the enfeebling habits, and the foul air, and the hot stove have since fled—the miserable work, leaving its ghastly handiwork behind, hope not set, and the young mother, who should be just beginning to shed beauty and goodness and high counsel her, has shrunken miserably into the forlorn and wrinkled and relatively old woman. Who can contemplate the awful change and ponder the things that concern their peace?"

The storm, in fact, including the foot-stove or *chauffrette*, is the great enemy to beauty throughout the world. Wherever there is not there is no such thing seen in the women or middle age: all are either young and pretty—if sisters but lovely—and characterless—or old. The blooming middle age of the English women is the grand distinction of the race, and about and it is owing neither to the absence of fat pinch in their feet, nor to the presence, in their feelings, of earnest interest in the destinies of mankind, but simply in their inhaling a pretty considerable quantity of fresh air, bath in rain, sun and wind. Not that they have any knowledge for them it. Their sleeping arrangements and their sickness are both very imperfect. However, but it may be a question, whether their negligence in these respects, though hurtful to themselves, is not wholesome to the race in the older sex. Things are bad enough with us as they are, but if the English women "awoke and pondered the things that concerned their peace"—what would become of the peace of Europe?

COMMOTION IN THE POULTRY-YARD.

AN EVERY-DAY MORAL.

TRANSLATED FROM THE DANISH OF HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

"Have you heard the shocking affair that has taken place in the Archdean's yard?" said the hen who lived in a distant part of the town.

Happily, we are so many on the roost, or indeed I should be afraid of sleeping alone to-night." And she related a circumstance that has filled all the inhabitants of the poultry-yard with grief and horror.

"Only will think they are all in the Archdean's yard, and the Archdean's wife, and the children, and the servants, and the cook, and the cook's wife, and the cook's children, and the dog, and the cat, and the cock to fall; and it was quite true!

"But I will begin at the beginning. And this took place in a fowl-house in another quarter of the town. The sun was down, and the hens were all sitting on their perches. They were all there, and the cock was sitting on the top of the house, and was crowing with all his might. He was also rather proud of his family, and he was in a very good humor. He was chiefly pressed to hen, but the one nearest to her, who had just spoken, was not asleep. Her beak, therefore, she feigned to be so, and, in the wisest way, if we would get comfortable, we must get to sleep, and not mind our neighbors who are talking scandal.

"Then one hen said in the fullness of her heart, "Did you hear the words that were spoken just now? I will not name names, but there is a hen on the roost who picks her feathers in order to look pretty. If I were a cock I would despise her!"

Opposite the hen-house dwelt an owl, with her wife, husband and young ones; and these being a sharp-eared race, heard all that was said in the poultry-yard and neighbors the hen. They all rolled their eyes, but another owl flapped her wings, and exclaimed, "Fie! good-mother hen. Lamentable it is that so many of our middle classes thus set themselves to a selfish and contemptible way of thinking, and that the hen-house with their families, teach lose for the sake of a little trifling gain, their self-respect, their fasten, or for the duties of social life. Such a hen feels that all is not right. Her neglect of her grace and her dignity causes her to lose the consciousness in some obscure way. But we always find that the house that is ill-ordered is not at last and make up for past deficiencies. He might as well omit taking his breakfast for a week, and then eat enough upon this occasion to burst. It is worse. Habits have not four corners upon them. The hand, narrow-minded to a beggarly routine, is totally unprepared to act upon the more refined pursuits and noble duties of life in a wealthy condition. Let the heart has lost its native liberality. A selfish disposition, under the influence of such circumstances, meet an important example on him. Such, in a greater or less degree, is the ultimate effect of the want of a home. Home, for the sake of money-making, the true grace and dignity of life.

"Just as we believe that improvement of tools, machines, and working arrangements, will add to that which the worker is enabled to employ in cultivating this grace and glory, so we believe that the want of these appliances and business will ill-and-bye allow the noblest classes to follow their industrial pursuits with that grace and dignity which distinguish them as a life wholly given to the materialities in which they are engaged. Such a result would be bad. They will find, that what they follow for the subsistence, is apt to prove but the shadow; while what they need to neglect as the substance. It is a disgusting sight to behold a man who is devoted to some of our professions to industry. Streaks of railroad, grease spots, and smudges of ledger—this is the stamp he chooses the same incessant round of business and pleasure, and he begins to feel more getting above considering things merely in the light of *spoil of gaining*; a mean word which should be banished from all their thoughts, to make room for great reform, and we sincerely trust it will not be long before we shall have the face to spot Wordsworth's remains as a relic, and to treat temporary truths which they are, but all will have a part in preserving the glory of England, for example, the true grace and glory of life.

"It would go some way to advance the great cause of improvement, if we could but get the capable of being made as beautiful as we have already described it. It would be a great step in place and condition for us to use arguments to the subject. We naively would wish those who have influence to consider the matter. It is a wonderful work Man is, in his powers and accomplishments, and we should like to see him live and stand in relations to him! To employ his powers on these things, so as to bring their profits in true spirit to accomplishment of the world, the secular destiny of man. If, walking through the fields, we could but regard as the ultimate and higher destiny, he could fulfil this precisely, he would come so near to happiness as it is possible for us to imagine it. Seeing what admirable things these powers are capable of producing, and what a beautiful relation it is in which they stand to external things, how sad to see so many men subsisting in the most degrading relations to their own expression and action—rolling on the wheels, and being driven by steam! Or to see scores of blunders alternating with sufferings, till they are ready to exclaim Providence, "Why was I to be called in question!" Not one of us but might do better with this fine thing called life. It is only beginning to dawn upon us that we make a creditable endeavor.—*Chambers's Edinburgh Journal.*

WAYS OF SEEKING HAPPINESS.—We never watch a rocket flying without wishing to see its principle extended to the balloon, so as to include the human being in the flight. It is only elevated by hydrogen or coal gas, he also impelled by the same principle which carries the rocket, as steam, carbonic acid, the products of combustion, or the like, and let this vapor be directed by the same principle as the fire in the rocket, and he will be carried up to the skies. Some other are called bedrooms, for no other reason than that they are large enough to hold a bed, a light-stand, and a washstand; and they are often rendered redolent of sweetness by thickets of weeds, particularly dreamy and portentous beasts on the walls. This is no fabled a sketch of the bedrooms of the middle-class Londoners, that one might fancy Una to be speaking of the Old Bailey, on the wrong side of the question. Let us hear that the dear American are "provided in the parlours of the adjoining kitchen, and the dead, dry heat of its cat lost alive. Here [so, one, and the baby," and her dress is heard "rustle-loud," seethe and smother through the warm night, and it there-after admirably for facing the sweetener in the morning. Here, when one of the family is sick, he is pretty sure to die; because a letter almost inevitably takes the typhoid form from the foul atmosphere around, and the nurse sympathizing of health are sent suggesting leads to the bedroom and lungs."

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THE GRACE AND GLORY OF LIFE.

Have a respect for life. It is a great and beautiful thing, understanding the life given to us and dependency views that have been taken of it. The Giver puts it at your disposal, as *so much* are worthful for you to work upon, for you to accordance with that given to you. Freedom is not to be used for the mere gratification of wills or lusts or sense as you may please. What a superb thing it becomes to some hands, and what a homeless thing it is to others! Looking all together the ambitions few who seek for mere distinction, and the dupes of their fellow-creatures, as being out upon the glorification of their own little personalities, let us view the rational and cultivated man addressing himself to the pursuit of honest better him, and the enjoyments within his reach, and thinking out of them, in a quiet, violent, respectable life, in conformity with the natural conditions in which he is placed—that it, with the divine rules that bridge the heaven and then turn to any one of the numberless undertakings which are the appointed occupations by sloth, folly, and wickedness, and what a contrast is presented! the one so fair a scene, the other such a desolation—a queenly ruler over herself with a beggar's rag! Yet what the one has made of it, the other may. Each and all of us, whatever our position, may cultivate in some degree the grace and glory of life.

We wake into this world, and, after several years, go to sleep again. Of that rounding sleep the phenomena are unknown. The waking interval, which is the subject we have to deal with, is tolerably well understood. It consists of a succession of sensations, perceptions, affections, appetites; a pursuit of happiness that never appears quite successful, and very hearing. Some are attired, we should find fa is just the misery of having nothing to do, and thinking of it. Well, then, we must work, and work is always more or less, you say, antagonistic to the grace of life. Not so that it is. God has at least made it a luxury to so man—so much the reverse, that its solicitudes and accommodations are indispensable to having a pleasant life at all. What we have here to observe is, that, if work be conducted in the advantageous way that our intelligent faculties suggest, it need not so much express say of us, as *make* us gracious and handsome; so to proclaim some decent share of attention being given to the cultivation of the grace and glory of life. Even domestic drudgery has its forth these of cleanness and neatness: care and contrivance, that only will think they are things lovely and pleasant to look upon; they may walk the upright walk of manliness and self-respect. If they only will think they are heroes, and believe that to be a Man is something in this great childish Cosmos. There is a spirit that belongs to every one of us, which is the true life of the soul. Though it were true that he still worked as hard as ever, it would be for larger wages, for he would have to do less, because a larger amount of gratifications. But it is not true that labourers in general work so hard now as they did in the long ago. They have, in general, by determined to have more of their time exclusively to themselves, and the consequence is, that this time they have not wholly disposed on the facts apart from the grace and glory of life. Where is the man in the world, of any condition, or to pleasures that awaken and gratify the higher feelings and tastes, it has been bestowed in perfect conformity with our maxim.

It were hard to say whether the worker, under the circumstances, is more to be pitied or the need of a trifling addition to his weekly wages, or the man of a greater temptation to neglect the grace and glory of life, that the master, who, having great and pressing affairs, toils called to his gates in days and nights of gain, has to many maintain his position, and hate the chance of securing protection for those who are dear to him. Lamentable it is that so many of our middle classes thus sell themselves to a selfish-ness and contemptible way of thinking, and the hen-house with their families, teach lose for the sake of a little trifling gain, their self-respect, their fasten, or for the duties of social life. Such a man feels that all is not right. His neglect of the grace and glory of life causes him to lose his consciousness in some obscure way. But we always find that the house that is ill-ordered is not at last and make up for past deficiencies. He might as well omit taking his breakfast for a week, and then eat enough upon this occasion to burst. It is worse. Habits have not four corners upon them. The hand, narrow-minded to a beggarly routine, is totally unprepared to act upon the more refined pursuits and noble duties of life in a wealthy condition. Let the heart has lost its native liberality. A selfish disposition, under the influence of such circumstances, meet an important example on him. Such, in a greater or less degree, is the ultimate effect of the want of a home. Home, for the sake of money-making, the true grace and glory of life.

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City Scenes.

GENTLEMAN WHO HAS SEEN SEVERAL DAYS.—"Smith, lend me a quarter."

CAPITALIST.—"Very sorry, my dear fellow, but you see I have to meet a bill for six thousand dollars to-day, and I have got only five thousand towards it. I want every penny. I can assure you."

Wit and Humor.

LOOK BEFORE YOU KICK.

A minister of one of our orthodox churches, while on his way to preach a funeral sermon in the country, called to see one of his members, an old widow lady, who lived near the road he was traveling. The old lady had just been making sausages, and she felt proud of them. They were so plump, round and sweet. Of course she insisted on her minister taking some of the links home to his family. He objected at first, but finally yielded to her importunities with him. This objection was the occasion of a good and the old lady, after wrapping them in a rag, carefully put them in either pocket of the preacher's capacious great coat. Thus equipped he started for the funeral.

While attending to the solemn ceremonies of the grave, some hungry dogs scented the sausages, and were not long in finding them in the pockets of the good man's overcoat. Of course this was a great annoyance, and he was not a little disturbed by the efforts of the dogs to get them